

# The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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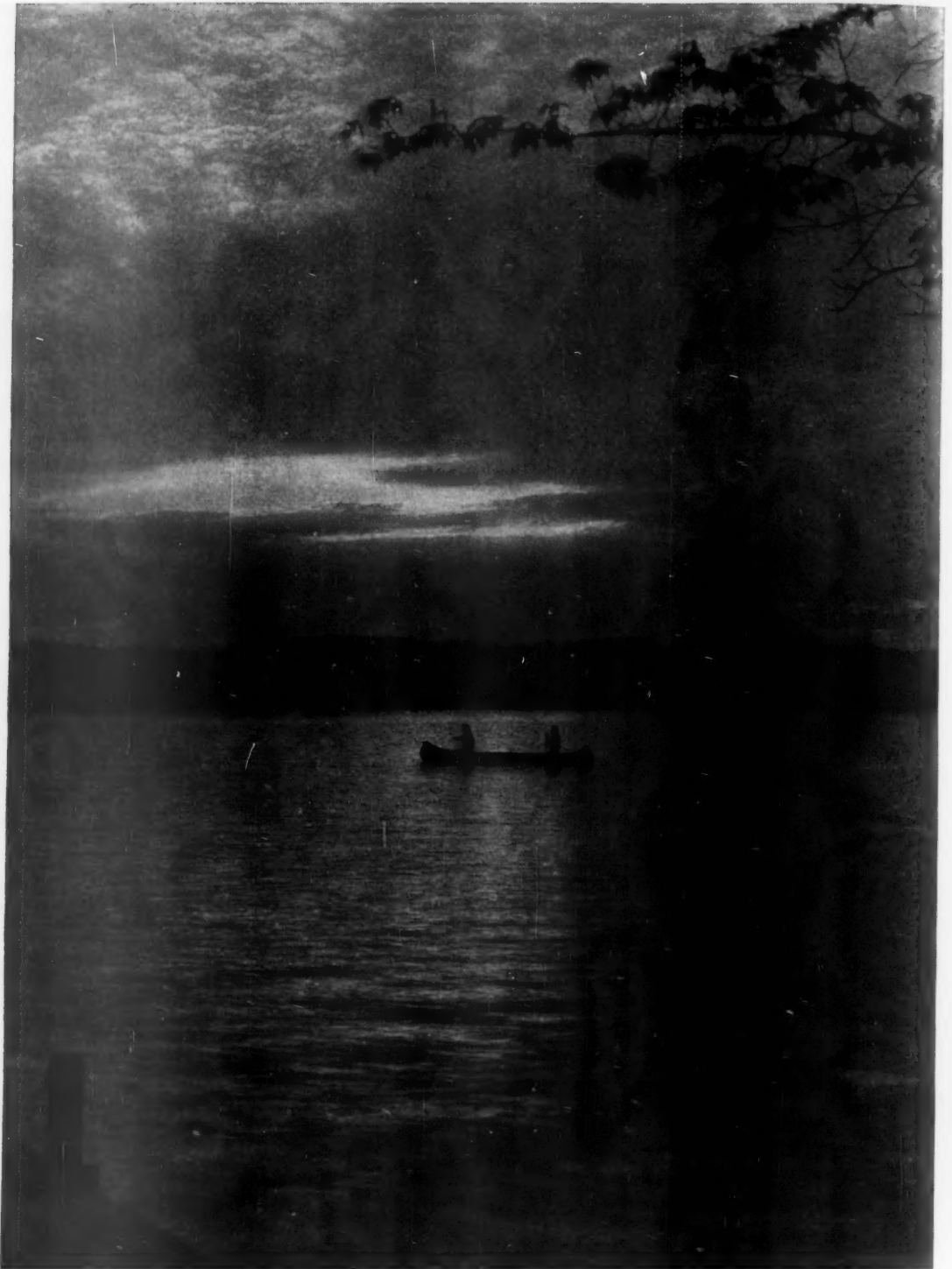
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## Northern Sunset

By Arthur Wallace Peach

**D**ARK rolling seas of night break into flame  
 Along the verge of dusk where great hills loom—  
 Vast golden surfs that sweep across the gloom  
 And starward leap, then vanish whence they came.  
 Aloof, above the valleys' hushed acclaim,  
 The rivers' chant of praise, the wide skies bloom  
 With drifting stars, bright syllables of doom,  
 That usher day down deeps no lips can name.

Thus have I seen a northern sunset fill  
 The earth with wonder, yet my thoughts turn far  
 To where the weary fields from labor cease,  
 Where brooks have vesper songs and winds are still,  
 Where twilight brings the gentle evening star  
 And home-lights beckon through the evening's peace!

# Men, Machines, Progress

By **Walter D. Head**

*Chairman, International Service Committee*

**R**EADERS of THE ROTARIAN—not Rotarians only, but the increasing number of non-Rotarian readers as well—are to be congratulated upon having the opportunity in this issue of hearing both sides of another of the great problems of the Machine Age. They are also particularly fortunate in having the subject handled by two such outstanding men in the field of economics and business as Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. Charles F. Kettering.

Let us hope that the interest this presentation of opinion is bound to create will not stop with reading about it, but will cause it to become a topic for discussion not only before many Rotary clubs, but in groups wherever men meet to reason together and to benefit by an exchange of views.

To attempt to dam the stream of human invention would be, it seems to me, both foolish and impossible. As well try to hold back the sea or stop the march of human progress. At present, the economic machine is out of order and for this reason there are some who would scrap it or attempt completely to rebuild it. From the Rotary viewpoint, however, present conditions call not for a restriction of human ingenuity, not for a new and different kind of activity, but for a redirection and an altered emphasis of activity.

Man has lifted himself to his present high standards of comfort and opportunity for experience through his intellect, his imagination, and his inventive genius. Not to encourage the continuation of this process would unquestionably be retrogression. What is needed is an economic and political control by which the products of man's brain shall be used for the maximum benefit of society and not chiefly to satisfy "greed for profits."

"A very large part of the revolutionary spirit now abroad in many lands," says President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, "would be quickly quelled could the mass of the population be made to feel quite certain that in transacting the greater business of the world the service motive comes first and that the profit motive is subordinate to it."

The continuation of our civilization depends upon the prompt and responsible reconsideration, in terms of their social implications, of science, of the machine, and of our rapidly increasing productive capacity.

Man's social concepts have not kept up with his inventiveness. What will be Rotary's answer to the challenge of the new order?

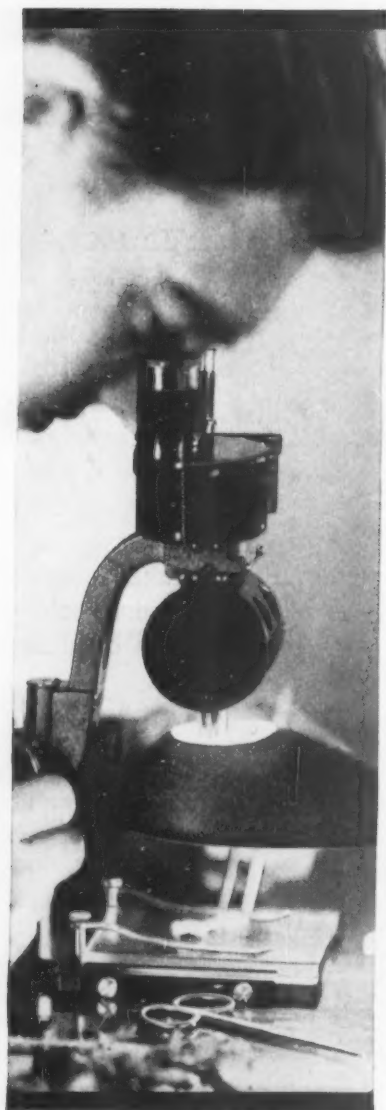
The old philosophies of *laissez-faire*, of individualism, of competition, and of supply and demand, and our blind trust in the automatic adaptability of our economic system are today in disrepute. We are not convinced that we should fly from the manifest weaknesses or obsolescence of these concepts to a suppression of initiative. But if we are to cut the grounds from under irresponsible radicalism, we must boldly face a readjustment of our political and economic procedures.

**I**N SOME quarters this is referred to as the "New Deal," but there is nothing new about it. Without smugness or Pharisaism, Rotarians might point out that for more than twenty years the substitution of the service motive for the selfish profit motive—"Service Above Self"—has been the activating principle of their organization. Rotary, however, did not discover this principle. Indeed it was expressed some thousands of years ago in the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

Fundamental world changes are taking place almost daily before our eyes. Their outcome depends completely on their success in meeting the needs, not of any one class, but of the entire human race. Otherwise we shall have a continuation of unbalance and of recurring strife.

The special contribution which Rotarians can make to the era of recovery is in both pointing out and courageously standing for the application of the service principle to all human relationships.

About a year ago Past President Clinton Anderson asked the question, "Is This Rotary's Hour to Speak?" The answer is emphatically, "Yes." Because of our international character and because of our potential power of leadership, we are faced with a great opportunity and a great responsibility. If Rotary and, indeed, the whole service club movement are to continue to justify themselves, they will have to rise to the challenge of the times and accept a position of real leadership in planning for a new world order.



**T**HE certainty with which the head of the United States patent office a century ago assured his contemporaries that virtually all possibilities of invention were exhausted is today ludicrous. Painfully so, for labor-saving devices appear with such rapidity that industry, no less than labor, is hard put to make adjustments. . . . This month's exchange-of-opinion complements that of March, wherein the thirty-hour week was discussed as a means of relieving technological unemployment.—*The Editors.*

## Do We Need Birth Control for Ideas?

**Yes**  
—Says

**Sir Josiah Stamp**

**T**HE flame of technocracy, recently so bright, has now died down into a dull after-glow. But the nine days' wonder has left behind in our

minds some of the extraordinary facts about invention and machinery which originally excited us. And while we may now be cured of any notion that government by technocrats is a remedy for our ills, we still have uneasy questions about the boasted advance of knowledge, and particularly its scientific applications in engineering and invention, so that we are suspicious that there must be some key to the social machine which we have not mastered.

Has not the welter of new knowledge rather got the world in its grip, so that we are no longer its master? It is not a comfortable feeling for civilization that its own contraptions are dictating its course of life; that the creatures of men's brains have become the creators of their destinies, and that "things are in the saddle."

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has bumped into this problem with discon-

certing force in three successive years. In its Centenary Year in London, the soldier-statesman-philosopher, General Smuts, as president; the following year a great engineer, Sir Alfred Ewing, in the same office, and this last year, the great biochemist and revealer of much of our knowledge of vitamins, Sir Frederick Hopkins, all dealt with the chaos that growing scientific knowledge is introducing into our affairs. Or perhaps they put it more politely—the inability of the world to take proper advantage of the boons of science without going sick over them.

Some emphasize the moral aspect and the lack of our ability to rise to new ethical standards in handling these affairs, and others deal with the defects in the science of central management. This annual warning has at last awakened the press and public to ask: If science itself admits that it is introducing chaos into human affairs and giving rise to as many new problems as it solves, what is science going to do about it?

Are we going to go on assuming that however extensive and disintegrating may be an invention which science introduces into our midst, the social organism will somehow adapt itself comfortably to the new situation, the political government will be equal to all the new alignment of forces that science produces and, generally, that we can secure all its

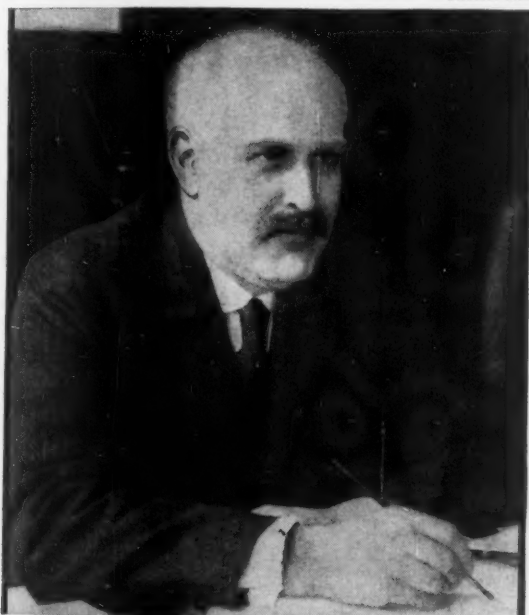


advantages and overcome the difficulties that accompany it? Must we not "invent" a technique for accommodating ourselves to constant change, and is this technique a scientific one for the physical scientists themselves to invent, or does it involve a new art of government? Are we capable of sufficient foresight to see that innovations come into our midst only under conditions which will prevent complete disorganization and disintegration of the existing forces?

The problem created by invention of machinery in disturbing existing business and the skill of a large number of people is, of course, not a new one; it has existed for centuries, and the world has somehow succeeded in accommodating itself to it—often making no end of a din in the process, which we have forgotten or never knew anything about. But it is now suggested that there are three completely new factors.

First, the changes have come so thick and

Photos: Acme.



*Sir Josiah Stamp, G.B.E., LL.D., D.S.C., English industrialist, financier, and economist.*

fast, compared with the old days, that the power of adjustment of society has been tested beyond its endurance, and society, therefore, runs a risk of breaking down. In the old days the elastic was gently stretched, the spring was mildly extended; today both are pulled beyond the point of maximum endurance and breakage is the result.



*Symbol of the machine and scientific research is "Eric." He can move his arms and legs and can talk. How can he be fitted into the world of men with a minimum of pain of adjustment?*

The second point is that we have today a strong humanitarian instinct, and we can no longer be content to see a new invention give advantages to the whole population, enrich a few enterprising pioneers, but beggar and impoverish, through no fault of their own, a whole section of worthy people, who have invested their capital or their lifelong skill in existing ways that are now outclassed and displaced. We feel that it is unjust, and the winners should pay something to look after the losers in the lottery.

The third factor is that modern science and the growth of knowledge can only be brought to practical service by embodiment in large fixed capital assets which are enormously costly, and which, with a precarious life, subject to some fresh whim of public fancy, or under the pressure of new scientific innovation, may be wholly wasted. This is great waste of resources. If we find [Continued on page 47]

# Do We Need Birth Control for Ideas?

## No —Says

**Charles F. Kettering**

*In an interview with  
Malcolm W. Bingay*

*Editorial Director, "Detroit Free Press"*

**T**HE proposal to declare a moratorium on mankind's inventive genius would have to come in the form of a law against thinking. And this would defeat the very object of those who seek a way out of our present difficulties by such a move.

It is not the standardization of production which constitutes the real danger of the world today, but the standardization of ideas. A new world is being built and you cannot very well standardize a half-finished product. It will just naturally change, for better or for worse. Nothing can stand still. Coherent, living thought must rule a sane world, not half-completed ideas which are temporarily checked by some man-made law.

This Machine Age did not just happen. It has been a slow evolutionary process going back over three hundred years. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton planted the seed of it when they gave to mankind some degree of understanding of celestial mechanics, of the laws of motion. Research men, inventors, technologists took the knowledge of these universal laws into their laboratories, reduced them from the speculative to the practical, and as a result we have our present mechanically motivated civilization.

We are not at the end, but at the beginnings. We have but reached the shores of a great unexplored continent. We cannot, however, turn back, for there is no other direction to go but forward. It is man's



Photo: Acme.

*Mr. Kettering, vice president of General Motors in charge of research, pictured beside a device which demonstrates vaporization of gasoline in a motor.*

destiny to ponder on the riddle of existence and as a by-product of that wonderment he is creating a new life on this earth.

Such a moratorium would have to be retroactive and declare null and void the researches of Thales, Aristotle, Archimedes—all the mighty host of philosophers, mathematicians, physicists, and engineers who up to now have had honored places in the story of the world progress.

**T**O STOP the evolutionary tide of our economic development would be as impossible as the historic effort of King Canute to order back the sea.

There is nothing permanent but change. The very moment that a tree reaches its full growth it is the beginning of the end. Nothing that lives can remain static, stand still. Neither can a civilization, which is merely a continuing collection of individual lives. Our composite opinion may accelerate or retard the pace but cannot stop our progress.

When this movement does slow down, when a civilization becomes static, standardized, it crumbles; then vanishes. That is the oldest lesson of history.

This modern civilization of ours, only 300 years

old, began when men took from the celestial system its mechanical laws, and now we may paraphrase Shakespeare:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves . . ."

Nobody will deny that the present problem is one of grave maladjustment. But the solution of it lies not in less research but in more research. An extraordinary thing happened in 1914 when the World War broke upon the human race. The will to win brought forth tremendous energies. Mankind's inventive genius was tremendously activated and the technique of mass production greatly accelerated. We swung so far in one direction that what should have been a normal evolutionary development became lopsided.

The statesmen and the economists are the ones who handled the actual business of war, did the financing, made the loans, and signed the treaties. The research engineers merely responded to a patriotic call of duty. Because of their energies a war was won—or lost. Now they must turn their same creative talents to readjusting the Machine, to get it back into balance.

For countless centuries man's great materialistic objective on this earth has been to devise labor saving machinery. The unknown hero who first invented the wheel was creating a labor-saving device. But because of the World War and the desperate efforts of all nations to save man power, this labor-saving urge got out of line with the logical progress of society.

Now the engineers and scientists, instead of being stopped in their work, should be encouraged to continue at fever heat to balance matters—and they will—by the invention of *labor-creating sys-*

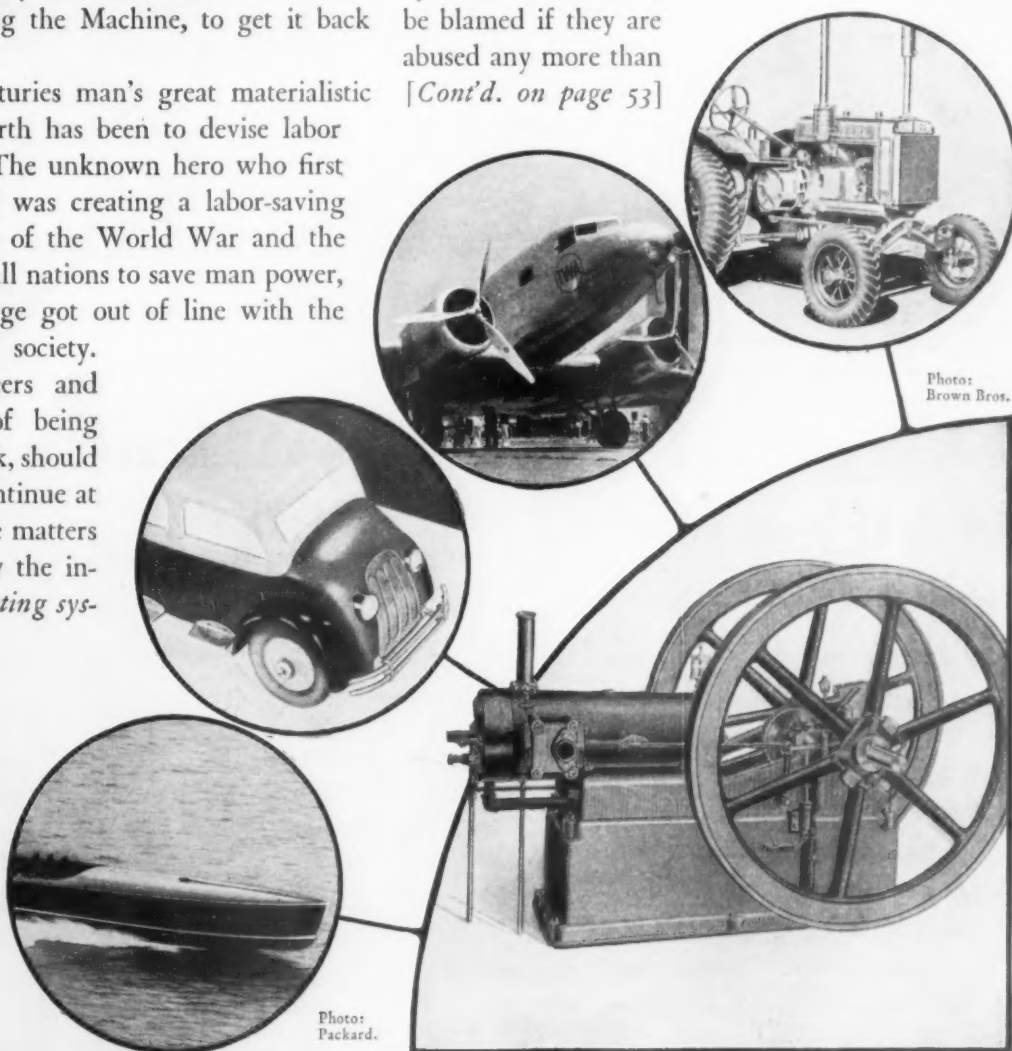
*Some economists hold the internal-combustion engine responsible for throwing civilization out of joint—dislocating men and capital. But even this partial view of its family tree shows it to be the father of four lusty industries. The engine, itself, it should be noted, was sired by even more primitive inventions.*

*tems.* That is the world's greatest need now, and necessity is the mother of invention.

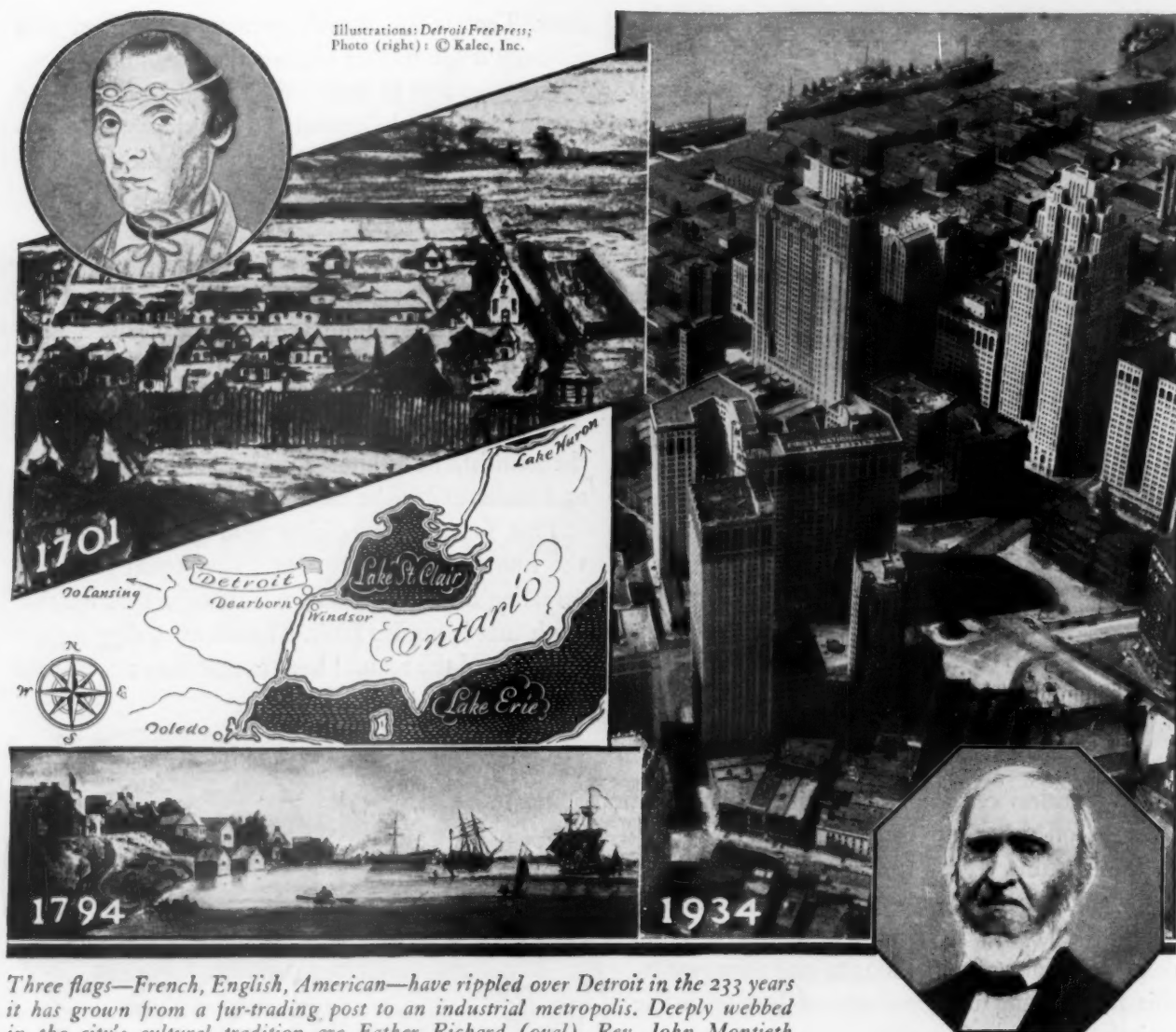
The inventors of the world should be chided for not doing enough inventing instead of doing too much. There has not been an invention of any importance in the past ten years.

IT IS easy for the economist and the politician to blame the inventor and the research engineer. How frequently the thoughtless members of the family blame the doctor when someone is sick! Shall we abolish the doctor because someone takes an overdose of medicine? As a matter of plain, cold fact the scientist, the technologist, does nothing but reveal and make usable the natural laws.

That first mathematician who gave to mankind the knowledge that two and two equal four was revealing a fundamental truth. If others distort that truth that is not his fault. The scientist, digging out the truth of the natural laws so that they can be used by mankind, cannot be blamed if they are abused any more than  
[Cont'd. on page 53]







Three flags—French, English, American—have rippled over Detroit in the 233 years it has grown from a fur-trading post to an industrial metropolis. Deeply webbed in the city's cultural tradition are Father Richard (oval), Rev. John Montieth (octagon), Presbyterian, and the free-thinking Judge Augustus Woodward.

## Detroit, the City Dynamic

By A Detroit Rotarian

**T**O ANY one who understands the spirit that motivates International Rotary, the city of Detroit will be a fascinating spot during the 1934 convention, June 25 to 29.

Here he will find blended the tradition and culture of an ancient civilization, the dynamics of the present, and the dreams of a great future. Detroit is a city of youth, high courage, adventure, service, and idealism, tempered with as aged a past as any metropolis on the North American continent.

There are those out in the wide world who think

A fine tradition of courage and culture blends with the modern note in this community, host to the 1934 convention of Rotary.

of Detroit only as the automotive center of the world, the cradle of the new born Americanism—mass production. They think of it as something which sprang up over night, a city of magic which came suddenly into being through the invention of the motor car; a great roaring machine shop, the Mecca of industrialists, inventors, economists, sociologists, and financiers the world over. Those who think that way do



not take into consideration the law of cause and effect.

Detroit is not a suddenly created boom town. Detroit grew steadily to its place in the world's sisterhood of cities. The seeds of its beginnings were planted when the hardy pioneers built their stockades as they fought off the Indians and the wild animals. No city in America is more steeped in tradition than is Detroit.

Its development as the great dynamic center of the motor world was a logical evolution and not an accident. The motor industry, be it remembered, did not pick Detroit; Detroit not only picked it but created it. Were this not so, Detroit never would have been the wheeled capital of modern transportation.

**H**ERE is a city on the Detroit River facing Canada (which, by the way, is south of Detroit!). It is something like sixty miles north of Toledo. It was far removed from the great sweep of our population westward, off the beaten path. To reach it, railroads and all other travel had to diverge from the main trunk lines.

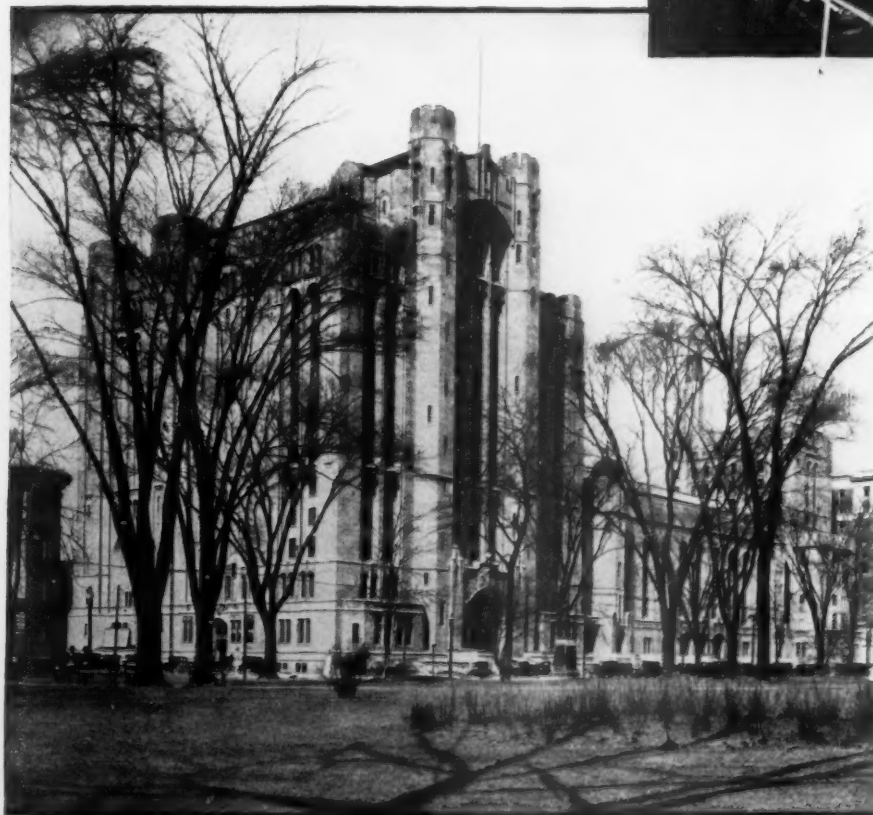
Let us compare it with our neighbor Chicago, which did not exist when Detroit was already a growing city. As Voltaire said of the Deity, so may it be paraphrased here about Chicago. If there were no Chicago, man would invent one. Chicago was a

necessity to meet the merging flow of traffic east and west. Chicago was inevitable. Detroit touched none of these main arteries of travel. The great railroad systems had to spend countless millions of dollars to get to Detroit. The Emersonian dictum of the mouse-trap goes for this city. The world was forced to beat a path to its isolated door. The explanation of this is

Photos © Detroit News.



*Like a glam'rous Hollywood spectacle, the famous tower of the Fisher building stretches into the darkness. This structure won the national architectural prize in the year it was finished. Modern in every detail, it entices countless art students as well as visitors interested in the great industry that has put the world on wheels.*



*Detroit expects 12,000 Rotarians and members of their families at the convention, June 25 to 29. Main sessions will be held in the Temple Auditorium (left). Let no one doubt its ability to handle the crowd. It has more than a thousand rooms and has cared for nine dances in one evening attended by 10,000! Not the least of its attractions is a \$50,000 four-manual pipe organ.*

the purpose of our present article. We must go back to the beginning, back briefly to the story of Detroit under three flags.

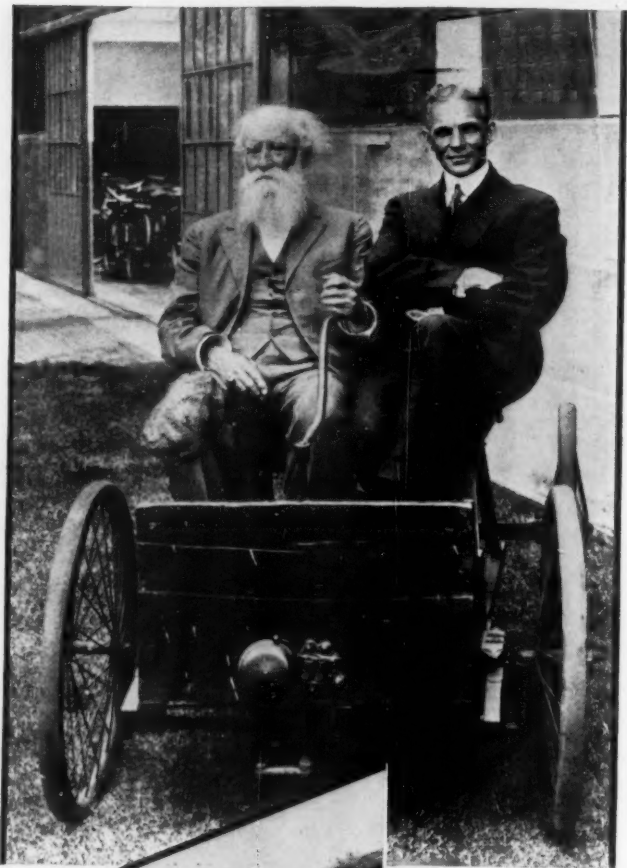
Detroit was founded by Antoine Laumet de LaMothe Cadillac when he arrived here with a band of French soldiers and settlers on July 23, 1701. He acted under special grant of King Louis XIV, and Detroit (the city on the strait) became the great fur-trading outpost of the Northwest.

**T**HE French tradition is still strong in Detroit, and many of the best-known streets and avenues retain the names of the early pioneers. In 1763, Michigan, as part of the Northwest Territory, was ceded to Great Britain but Detroit still remained predominantly French. The descendents of those early settlers are among the first families of Detroit today. In 1796, Michigan was formally surrendered to the United States following the Revolutionary War, and the Stars and Stripes took the place of the Flag of France and the Union Jack. But in 1812, Detroit was again captured by the British, only to be wrested once more

*Detroit is pardonably proud of its library (left foreground) and its Art Institute (right), both designed by Cass Gilbert. The Institute houses one of America's great collections.*

*The Fifth Avenue of Detroit is Washington Boulevard (below), the home of smart shops.*

Photo: Ewing Galloway



*A rare picture of Henry Ford (right) and his author-naturalist friend, the late John Burroughs, in one of the first horseless carriages produced in Detroit.*

Photos: Manning Bros.

from England when peace was declared.

I said under three flags. Perhaps it might better be said four—if the Indians had a flag—for in 1764 it was besieged by the great native warrior Pontiac who held it for almost a year under his power.

After the French settlers, there came the sturdy and steadying element of Scotch and English. It was this immediate intermingling of two diverse cultures which first gave Detroit its peculiarly unique flavor.

Out Woodward Avenue in Palmer [Continued on page 50]

# Paying for the New Deal

By Fred H. Clausen

Chairman, Committee on Federal Taxation,  
United States Chamber of Commerce

**T**HE term "New Deal" is easily recognized by a vast majority of United States citizens who have taken post-graduate courses in the great American game.

A new deal means throwing the cards in the discard, mixing them up and dealing again. No evidence of change of decks or relative values of cards is implied except a declaration by the dealer that deuces or one-eyed Jacks are wild.

As long as the game remains an American game we Americans will play along, if we have the price. The long established rule has been "if you can't pay, don't play." The one question we are asking ourselves at this time is, "Will we be able to pay?"

We do not deal with the merits of the new alphabetical concepts of government supervision or operation, but limit this discussion to counting the costs and measuring our ability to pay for them. Somebody must do that, and who more likely than those who are inclined to look at conditions exactly as they are?

Stamps of approval blindly placed do not alter the facts.

If we can at once admit that every citizen has a direct interest in tax levies, whether or not he is a conscious contributor, then we can proceed with the

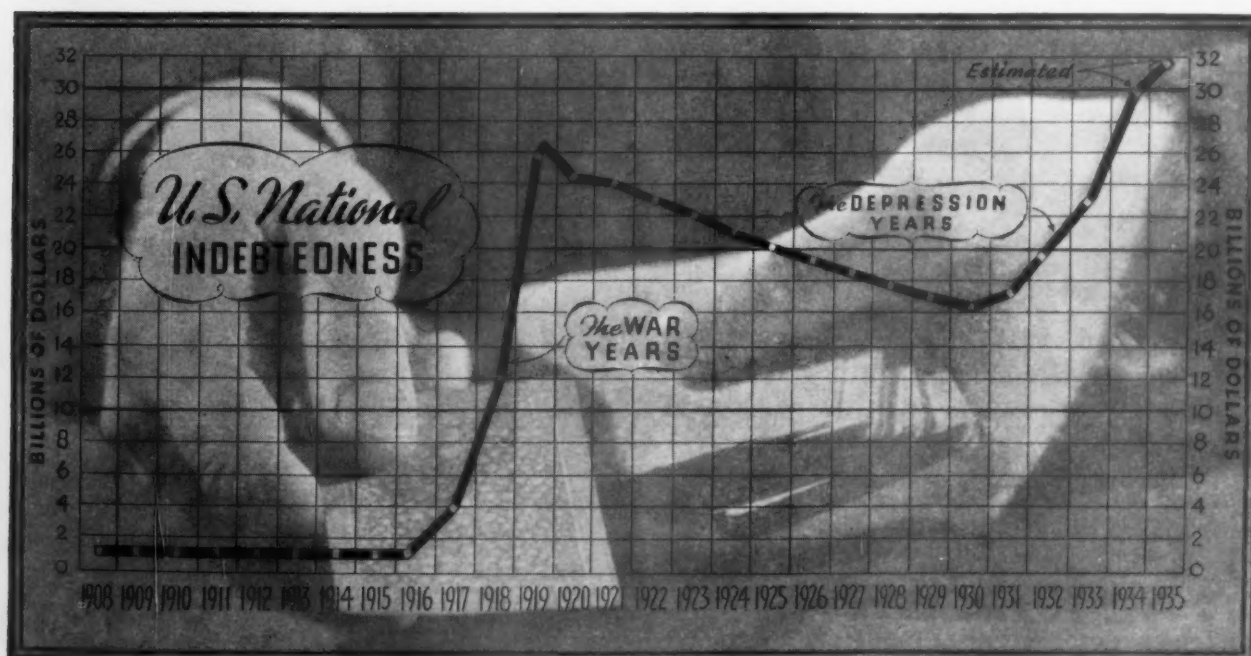
Uncle Sam's determined attack on the depression is running up his debts. By 1935 they will have set an all-time record—32 billions!

knowledge that this is a matter that all of us Americans, at least, must think about.

To one who has formed a habit of meeting obligations intentionally incurred, the apparent lack of concern and worry by a vast majority of citizens at the frank announcement of President Roosevelt that shortages of billions will exist for another eighteen months and more billions must be borrowed to meet expenditures already committed, is nothing less than alarming when measured by the impact on the forces that must control a return to economic prosperity.

Perhaps we do not realize what 10 billion dollars mean. Gradually we have been getting the idea but it can be said that the only group of our citizens who have the habit of dealing with billions are our astronomers who measure the distances to the stars. Hence, comes the saying, "the sky is the limit."

The cold facts indicate that we must keep our feet on the ground to whatever heights our experimental ideas may wander. Out of the soil, from industrial production and from commerce, must come the means of payment. The only alternative is repudiation. Under the new deal, "welshing" should not be







*A thin slice of the CWA funds goes to keep up this government-owned packing plant at Amarillo, Tex. It employs 650 persons from the county relief rolls and its output is distributed among indigent families.*

*"As long as the game remains an American game we Americans will play along if we have the price."*



an American characteristic. There is no present intention of voiding national obligations beyond reducing the value of the dollar, but our real concern is that in the future we will be unable to prevent it.

A resort to figures is rarely diverting and oftentimes disturbing. If we can raise a sufficient disturbance in the minds of those who should be interested in the subject to consider seriously the real situation we are headed for, then public opinion can be relied upon to deal with it.

In 1916, the expenditures and receipts of the federal government were each less than one billion dollars and the national debt was slightly over one billion. Up to that time, the peak of the national debt had come following the Civil War, when it reached 2.7 billions.

The impact and displacement of the Great War created a new era of government taxing and spending. At the peak, the public debt had reached 26 billions and federal revenues in one year amounted to approximately 6.7 billions through the imposition of justly applied excess profit taxes.

With the gradual restoration of normal conditions, receipts exceeded expenditures from year to year until in 1930, ending June 30, the excess of receipts had reduced the national debt 10 billions below the peak. Now a third phase is in progress.

The depression fell with full force and continued its ravages on economic life in the United States. The

administration then in power had to deal with conditions that were actual in a greatly reduced volume of tax revenues and acute, increased demands for financial relief. The result was a resumption of government borrowing which is proceeding now at a war-time pace and with no assurance that the end is actually in sight.

**T**HE mountain of government debt is building itself higher than ever before in American history with a fixed charge obligation that will bear heavily on the backs of citizens yet unborn.

From the President's budget message we learn that the expenditures of the national government for the present fiscal year, excluding public debt retirement, total 11 billions with receipts of 3.2 billions. The public debt will increase over 7.3 billions this year and without new commitments will exceed 31 billions in 1935—approximately \$1,500 for every family in the United States. The present session of Congress has added other large items of expenditures not in the President's budget.

It is, of course, true that a fraction of this stupendous sum is represented by loans made by the government. But, judging from past experience, only a part of these loans will be repaid eventually.

The present program is advanced with confidence that normal prosperity will have been restored by July 1935, and that regular receipts will balance the



budget thereafter. This is an assumption "devoutly to be wished," but no margin of safety is provided. Always remember too, that an increase of 15 billion dollars in the public debt in five years creates an added overhead for interest and retirement that must be reckoned with. It is now a billion and a half a year.

It has been said by men in high position that this situation should not cause grave concern as the resources of the United States can carry this admittedly large public debt. Unfortunately, this is not the full equation when measuring the debt carrying ability of our people.

Add other long term obligations of states, counties and cities, real estate mortgages on farms and city properties, debts of railroads, utilities, industries, and like obligations, and

the total is 150 billion—or about one-half the estimated national wealth.

What does this spell for the future? No one contends that cyclical depressions are at an end. This program we in America are following means that we are destroying a portion of our reserve power to meet and, in fact, to prevent their recurrence.

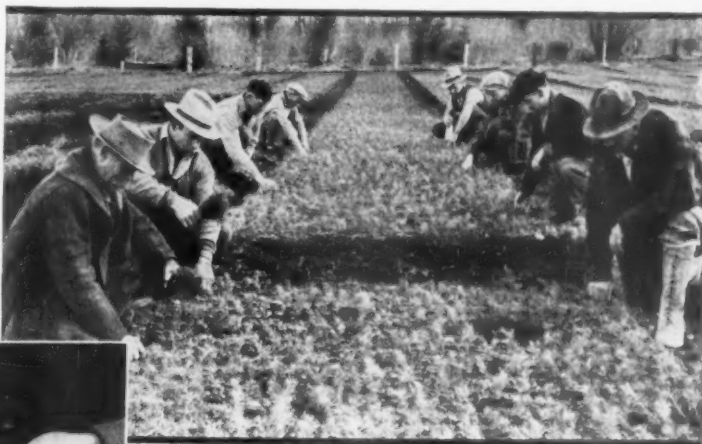
From the very size of the debt its payment will be projected into future decades. Because of today's necessities we are inclined to let coming years take care of themselves. And that is a dangerous attitude.



Photos:  
Acme and  
Underwood  
& Underwood



"But the one question we are asking ourselves is, 'Will we be able to pay?'"



Some of Uncle Sam's New Deal money is being used to keep these men (above) busy in Washington State, handling 2-year Douglas firs for reforestation. Draining a mosquito swamp in California made work for the laborers below.



It is contended that the New Deal program in its entirety will prevent further economic depressions. In this connection it is well to remember that the major portion of these huge expenditures are emergency in character and experimental as to efficiency. We all hope the experiments will work out successfully, but we are not safe in banking our future on the results which are yet uncertain.

**W**HAT of America's ability to carry the load and reduce the burden? Here is the picture roughly painted:

National wealth .....	300 billions
Indebtedness .....	150 billions
Income this year .....	50 billions
Public expenditures this year ..	18 billions

Prior to the tremendous New Deal expenditures, the rapid increase in public spending was alarming, particularly in state and local governments. In 1916, one dollar of every twelve [Continued on page 59]

Confessions of a man who forsook the fairway in great travail of spirit but forgot his grief when he became interested in "glads."

*"My wife, who is a gardener to the manner born, and also my tutor, found much to amuse her and to mourn over in my childish mistakes."*



Illustrations by  
Henrietta McCaig Starrett

## From Golf to Garden

By William Henry Spence

**I** RECENTLY met a disconsolate golfer. He was mourning because the depression had put the ban on further play of his beloved game. As a victim of the crash he was forced to make drastic economies. He must resign from his country club, for he would not be able to pay the dues; nor could he afford the expense of golf balls and other incidentals.

Yet to abandon the game would be a cruel experience. Ever since his boyhood, he had found recreation on the links. So he looked forward to the coming summer with gloomy forebodings. He would be like a fish out of water. Besides, there was the question of health. It was golf that had kept him physically fit through all the years from youth on into his fifties. How could he at his time of life take up a new hobby, especially one which would come anywhere near giving him the satisfactions which golf had given?

Well, I know it can be done. Even before the depression arrived with all its calamity, I had to

give up golf for the same reasons cited by my disconsolate friend. I too love the game. I know the fascination of a long shot from the tee straight down the fairway, the satisfaction of a putt from the edge of the green into the cup, and the thrill of the first score under a hundred.

I know golf's capacity for creating friendships and the pleasure of two hours or more of friendly rivalry with boon companions, playing amidst beautiful surroundings. I know the challenge of difficulty in stance and club-grip, in swing and timing, and the constant lure of improving one's form. I know all the contrasting emotions of defeat and victory, of failure and achievement. No one can discount for me the fun of playing golf.

**Y**ET I had to give it up. It was costing me more than I could afford and was taking too much of my time. Besides, I found myself playing it mentally when my mind should have been on other things. Such is my temperament that a round of poor golf, which was a most frequent

experience, preyed upon me and set me to worrying about bad form and beastly luck; or a successful round produced a hangover of excitement which lingered on into the next day and set me to absent-minded day-dreaming which naturally interfered with good work.

So reluctantly, even sadly, I gave it up.

Then I, too, faced a problem. How could I make the necessary readjustment? Where and how was I to keep fit and find pleasure-giving exercise for mind and body? The question was settled almost by accident. I found a hobby which has exerted "the expulsive power of a new affection." I became and am still a third-rate amateur gardener. My new hobby has not crowded out the pleasant memories of hours on the golf-links, but it has brought such enduring satisfactions that the memories are untouched by regret.

**I** HAD never given any attention to gardening beyond expressing mild amusement over the enthusiasms of friends about dahlias, "glads," tomatoes, squashes, and things. I watched them occasionally and murmured frequently that it all seemed too much like work to be fun. I remember now that I talked the same about golf before I learned to play. "Pushing a white pill over a green pasture" seemed foolish drudgery until I was initiated into the mystery of the game's technique and rewards.

It chanced that we moved into a new community. The day we arrived, Milady and I stood in the backyard of our new home, surveying with disgust a half-acre given over to the ugliness of weeds and debris. It appealed as a challenge. Somehow the determination arose in me to change all that.

A little later a friend told me of the pleasure he was having in growing "glads" (I had to be told that that was the pet name which all good gardeners gave to gladioli). My interest was aroused when he offered to send me fifty bulbs for spring planting. Here was something concrete with which to begin the new enterprise. The ensuing winter evenings were spent in studying garden books and conning seed catalogues. The result was that when April came I could scarcely wait for the frost to get out of the ground and permit plowing and planting.

Of course, I began too early that year and consequently had some set-backs. Naturally, I blundered

*"Then it flashed upon my mind that we who had worked here were truly creators. We had brought order out of confusion, beauty in place of ugliness."*





in other ways. My wife, who is a gardener to the manner born, and also my tutor, found much to amuse her and much to mourn over in my childish mistakes. Nevertheless, I soon awoke to the fact that I was having a lot of fun. What had been a grim challenge had now become a happy recreation.

That was some years ago. From my present perspective I can see that the garden has given me all that the golf course ever gave, and more. The physical benefits are the same,—the healthful exercise of all the muscles of the body out in the open air, and an avocation whose technique takes one's mind off himself, thus bringing balm to tired nerves.

Friendships there are too. For, no true gardener lives unto himself. Other gardeners are drawn to him to share his interest. There is much talk about methods and discoveries, much exchange of advice and experience. One leans over a fence to talk with an enthusiast about seeds and fertilizers, bugs and worms, the comparative values of insecticides, and the newest creations of the hybridizers. One walks a garden path with a neighbor to admire his flowers or modestly to point out his own favorites. Before one knows it, a new friendship has been made.

I owe to my garden the discovery of one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. He is my barber. For some years he had cut my hair and our mutual interests had been only the casual concern that my spare locks should be properly cared for. Then one day, quite accidentally, he spoke of his "glads." The tone of affection with which he uttered the word made me aware at once that here was a kindred spirit. I fancy the man who was "next" that day inwardly growled over the prolonged discussion which delayed his turn in the chair.

Later I accepted my barber's invitation to visit his place. What I found and what I afterward learned led me to regard this jolly Italian as one of the benefactors of our town. At an elbow of a back street he had found a sand-pit—ugly and seemingly useless.

He bought it because the price was low. As opportunity offered he filled it with heavy sub-soil and top-dirt. Then he built a neat colonial house upon it, and developed, after the tradition of his native land, a terraced garden.

It is marvelous what he can make that little patch produce; but his greatest victory is the transformation of an unsightly hole-in-the-ground into one of the beauty spots of the village. He and I have had many a quiet talk since that day; he has given me many words of wisdom about growing things; and I am proud to call him friend. Golf never brought me a richer gift.

Then there are some values which neither golf nor any other sport can give. For example, there is the ever increasing knowledge of the ways of Nature. A dignified clergyman, addressing a Sunday school, singled out a little boy wearing big glasses and said, "My little man, maybe you can tell me what we do in this school." His answer was, "We learn about God and some of His habits." The childish reply really states the gardener's privilege. Every day of digging in the dirt

and caring for plant life adds something to his store of knowledge of God's ways in Nature.

Add to this the oft-coming joy of surprise. I shall never forget our first blossom of the Japanese iris. We had tried for three years to grow this delightful variety, but had failed. Either the soil was unfavorable or the best location for sun and shade had not been found. We made one more transplanting, resolved if that did not bring desired results, we would have to give up.

**O**NE morning in early summer, soon after sunrise, I turned a corner of the house and saw across the lawn what looked like a lady's handkerchief fluttering slightly on an iris stem. For a moment I questioned how it came there, then I suddenly realized that a Japanese had flowered. I actually ran toward it, whether shouting or not I cannot say; but I do know that when I bent over a blossom as large and as softly white as any lady's handkerchief, there was a lump in my throat. It sounds silly, but all true gardeners will understand. [Continued on page 63]



*"... a blossom as large and as softly white as a lady's handkerchief."*



# In, Out, and In Again

By a Past Rotary District Governor

**T**WELVE years ago I became a Rotarian. At that time my ignorance of Rotary was profound. The invitation to join up appealed to me. It seemed to offer an opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with a number of men whom I had come to admire from afar. Though I had less than a year's experience in my present vocation, there was no particular resentment on my part when I was informed that the invitation was extended because of my place of leadership in my craft.

It did not at that time occur to me that, as my work of administering a college had no competition in my community, my vocational preëminence was assured by force of circumstances rather than by any superior merit of my own. So I accepted the invita-

A frank admission from a man who discovered after he had dropped out of his club that he needed Rotary more than it needed him.

tion eagerly, paid the admission fees promptly, and after being duly recognized as a member, had the satisfaction of calling many of my elder associates by their first names and acquiring a sobriquet of my own.

My career in Rotary was meteoric. Within a short time I had attended my first district conference and had been elected to the board of directors of my club. This was quickly followed by my elevation to the club presidency and then to the governorship of one of the largest Rotary districts. I became a regular attendant at district conferences in three

states and had the experience of travelling thousands of miles to a number of international conventions, including that memorable excursion to Vienna in the summer of 1931.

At the end of my term as a district governor, many good friends suggested that I should go further in Rotary. Their promises of support together with their warm-hearted confidence flattered my vanity, kindled my gratitude, but had to be brushed aside because of the demands for full-time service from the institution which I administer. When I retired to the ranks as a "past everything," it was with an

*"There is still work for Rotary to do and I am in again to help as I can."*



empty feeling in my heart but also with the afterglow of the rich experiences which Rotary had contributed to my life.

For ten years I learned in the school of Rotary leadership. The philosophy of the movement, the significance of its ideals and practices, the evaluation of its worth to the world, all of these things were perennial in their appeal to my mind. They received the best that I had, both of thought and devotion. The interpretation of Rotary to others gave me the greatest pleasure. Only because it is necessary to complete the picture, it may be said with becoming modesty that I was constantly sought after as a speaker on Rotary themes.

For many years I used more time than I could well spare in running to and fro on Rotary errands, always finding a warm welcome and choice friendships as I expounded Rotary's message to communities both small and great. So far as my loyalties were concerned, I was completely and without reservation converted to the movement. Its international character and possibilities, its helpful and hopeful dedication to the best values of life in its community, its emphasis on and exploration of the capacity of the average man for human fellowship, these were the things that appealed to me most.

But I did not stop there. Nothing emanating from Rotary sources left me cold. I even found some enthusiasm for the old fashioned "Rotary School," accepted without complaint the sometimes vapid pronunciamentos of the Business Methods Committee, and frequently went so far as to defend stoutly that Rotary hierarchy otherwise known as the secretariat at Chicago. There was no half-heartedness in my allegiance to this thing called Rotary. It seemed to me that it might possibly be the last great hope for a self-satisfied but highly contentious world.

And then something happened. It was not a single event, but rather a long chain of circumstances, first a cloud of warning no larger than a man's hand, and then gradually the storm growing wilder in its

fury until the whole world was peopled with men whose hearts were failing them for fear. At first we described this new experience by a very dreadful word—"panic." Later on we softened it a bit by calling it "The Depression."

**W**HEN the third year of this deluge rolled around and there seemed to be no sign of any rainbow in the sky, I resigned from Rotary. This step was taken with great reluctance. My rootage in the organization was too deep to be dislocated without a painful wrench. As I look back upon this decision I now have no regrets. In retrospect it is apparent that it was a perfectly logical thing for me to do. My mental attitudes were not normal.

This is a point which we all need to remember when tempted to pass judgment upon the queer things that are being done by our friends in these stormy times. It is most unusual to find a serene and balanced psychology anywhere. Too many things have happened to us since 1929.

We have met hordes of wild beasts along the highways of life and we have been poorly armed to defend ourselves against them. If we have been fortunate and have not encountered them ourselves the cries of our brethren ring in our ears and we expect to meet the adversary on the next lap of the journey.

As a result we are haunted constantly by the goblins of fear, loss of health or fortune, distrust of ourselves and of our neighbors, the possible failure of the economic, social, and political patterns in which we have hitherto been most comfortably at home. Small wonder is it that our minds do not

pivot well and that the best as well as the worst of us strike softly when we should be dealing the blows of giants. Being a bit off balance we lose power as we move into action. Victories are not won this way.

As I look back upon it now, this must have been my state of mind when I resigned from Rotary. I had not lost much money for the simple reason that I did not have much to lose. I had not lost my job even though my income had been considerably reduced. There was roof to shelter me and my children were not crying for bread. [Continued on page 61]

### On the Up and Up

**T**HE eagerness of this ex-Rotarian to return to Rotary is shared by many another "ex" if one may judge by the steadily increasing gains in Rotary's membership since last July.

Throughout the world the estimated net gain in Rotary membership since last July is 3,500, the estimated average total for January being 147,060. This increase of membership is, of course, not all due to the return of ex-Rotarians; many new members have been added—and many new Rotary clubs, 72 from July 1 to March 6, including one club re-elected to membership, Enterprise, Alabama.



Photos: Courtesy, International Harvester Company.

*Never has man had so much wheat stored up as at present. The basic reason: The Machine.*

*In the old days when grain was reaped by a cradle (below), 30 to 40 hand-work hours were required to harvest an acre. The binder reduced it to 4 to 5 hours; now combines (left), harvesting and threshing in one operation, do the work in 45 minutes. And whereas it used to cost 10 cents merely to thresh a bushel of grain, the combine both cuts and threshes it for but 3 to 5 cents.*



## Tightening the Wheat Belt

By Frederick E. Murphy

Publisher, *The Minneapolis Tribune*.

**W**HAT occurred at the London Wheat Conference last summer is now history. All the world knows that twenty-two nations signed an agreement to control wheat production for the next two years.

But the complete story of the wheat pact has not yet been told. Nor will it be told for a long time to come. The extensive ramifications, the conflicts of national interests, and the compromises that marked the London meetings have been largely smoothed over. It took months of preparatory labor to do that. The minutes of the meetings alone would make volumes. But it was only a beginning.

The work of the World Wheat Conference is by no means at an end. The machinery has been set up, but time, men, and energy—and profound patience—are required to keep the machinery going at full speed. World events have moved along apace, bringing new developments, and new changes, adding immeasurably to the task marked out by the conference sessions for final accomplishment.

Viewed with the perspective even of these few months, the London Agreement must be regarded as a promising effort through intelligent coöperation of many nations to overcome a basic barrier to the





Photos Acme

*A dramatic moment during the London Wheat Conference. Left to right: Frederick E. Murphy, representing the United States; Premier R. B. Bennett, of Canada, signing the pact; and Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce, former prime minister of Australia.*

*The idea that the weather is the prime factor in wheat production is wrong, figures show. Acreage mainly governs production in the long run. And acreage, delegates to the London Conference insist, can be controlled by planned action.*

restoration of world prosperity. Delegates recognized the simple fact that so long as the farmer is kept in a perpetual state of poverty the world cannot recover its economic balance.

Wheat, of course, is but one of innumerable agricultural products, but its status is of fundamental importance. Those who have undertaken the fascinating study of this golden grain through the thousands of years it has been used by man as food, have reached this outstanding and indisputable fact: Wheat always has been the index for all other commodities. The fat and lean years of every nation have always been dependent upon it.

The gravity of the problem faced by delegates to the London Conference will, therefore, be grasped when it is realized that last summer the world had its greatest stock of stored grain in history—nearly a billion bushels! Coöperative action not only to take care of that surplus but to reduce future production was essential. It took two forms.

**F**IRST, the wheat exporting countries agreed to limit their combined wheat exports for 1933-34 to 560 million bushels, and in 1934-35 to cut exports fifteen per cent below the average exportable production of 1931-33.

Second, the importing nations agreed to reduce their wheat tariffs and quotas when the international price of wheat reaches 63.08 gold cents a bushel and remains at that figure for four months. They further agreed not to increase domestic production through such governmental measures as subsidies and bonuses.

It is plain that the London Agreement emphasizes control of wheat production, for wheat farmers can-

Photo:  
William  
M. Rittase.

not continue to produce at a profit while there is an excess supply. The Conference recognized the fact that the magnificent era of expansion is over and has become a hollow shell in which reverberate the wails of countless stricken.

Controlled production—in every basic commodity where over-supply tends to depress world or domestic markets—is the new watchword and the new hope of the future.

It is desperately futile to roll up surpluses. The annual death rate of the United States, if the present rate is continued, will by 1950 or 1960 be on a level with the birth rate. And this holds true of all advanced civilized countries with the exception of Russia. Since 1910, the world's population has increased about 17 per cent. Despite the bearing of this upon consumption, production has proceeded apace.

It is typically the case with wheat.

In former times the labor of two men was required to feed three, but mechanization has enabled one



modern farmer to feed five. That makes it understandable why the world production of wheat has doubled in the past forty years, and since 1910, while the world's population was increasing 17 per cent, the world's wheat acreage jumped 24 per cent.

Normally, Russia is the largest wheat producing country, with the United States second, and Canada third. Now France, formerly an importing country, ranks third. Germany, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian countries have also within recent years entered pell mell in the wheat growing race.

**S**INCE European countries have been grinding more flour per bushel of wheat, they require less wheat to maintain quantity. The quality of their flour is consequently poor and has affected consumption. But now these countries have agreed to grind better flour which, in turn, will increase bread consumption. This should have a marked effect in raising the demand.

The European exporting countries have agreed to limit their exports. For instance, France with 37 mil-

lion bushels available for export, has indicated she will reduce her exports to a point where they will have a negligible effect on the world market. The European countries also have agreed not to increase their acreage.

How serious they are about this is indicated in the fact that Germany has warned her farmers that to increase wheat planting beyond a certain acreage will constitute a misdemeanor. Germany, furthermore, has established direct control over food that begins at the farm and ends at the table.

France is prepared to fine her farmers at the rate of eight dollars an acre for every acre planted over the allotted amount.

The evidence is clear that Europe is doing its share

*Will the London idea—world-wide curtailing of production—solve other problems? Corn, for example. Last year when corn sold at 10 cents a bushel, merchants in one Iowa town took it in trade at 25 cents—with this result! In some places corn was used as fuel.*

Photos: Courtesy, Des Moines Register-Tribune.



toward an international accord on wheat control — an accord that never before in history has achieved such scope and significance. European countries will pay more for their wheat, increase the price of bread, and go so far as to inflict penalties for violations of their programs.

America, which has nearly half of the world's wheat surplus, can find room for serious thought in this. It is an object lesson that should be brought home to every citizen, for the United States, too, must reduce and continue to reduce exports if we ever can hope to obtain anything like a satisfactory world price for wheat.

[Continued on page 58]

# The ROTARIAN

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## Editorial Comment

### Science Not the Villain

AMONG the impossibilities of life must be numbered the convincing of the man whose job has just been taken by a labor-saving machine that inventions have *not* caused the depression. That "something is wrong" he knows. That somebody or something must be blamed is human nature. That the villain is the machine he is certain.

But before scientific research, mother of the machine, becomes "the goat" and a "research holiday" is declared, it behooves thinking persons to analyze the problem further. Hardly is it scratched before the upsetting fact is exposed that new inventions *in the long run* characteristically make more jobs than they destroy.

Arkwright invented the spinning machine in 1769. Prior to that it took 700 persons to spin as much textile material as one man could do in 1855. But instead of putting 699 persons out of a job, as a conclusion-jumper would assert, the reverse would seem nearer the truth. In 1856, some 379,000 men were employed in British textile industry which is to be compared with 218,000 in 1835. By 1914, this number had trebled—689,000. Meanwhile, England's population had approximately doubled.

The automobile industry, according to Dr. Karl T. Compton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, shows a comparable record of job-making in the United States. In 1900, there were 976,000 individuals employed in the carriage and wagon industry, as manufacturers, drivers, draymen, livery-stable managers, blacksmiths, and so on. Thirty years later, however, the census listed 2,405,000 individuals in the automotive industry exclusive of those in oil production. Those figures, corrected to allow for the general increase in population, would indicate that while the gasoline buggy produced unemployment among the carriage and harness makers, it brought a 250 per cent increase in jobs.

In the glare of such statistics, it is unfair to heap

blame for industrial obsolescence and unemployment upon the machine. Modern Man demands it and the easier living it brings, else he would return to the pre-mechanized system wherein men and women toiled from dawn to dusk in a gamble against an insufficiency of food and clothing and shelter. Thus, if the machine is not at fault, logic points to Man, himself, with his lagging accommodation to change, as the real villain in the world-wide tragedy of depression.

For Man always has been slow to gear his social and economic thinking to the tempo of the Machine Age: that is the common ground in the notable exchange of opinion between Sir Josiah Stamp and Charles F. Kettering in this issue. How to bridge the gap of adjustment with a minimum of distress is a question upon which experts do not agree. Certainly, Rotary offers no final word on the problem. And yet Rotarians reading "Men, Machines, Progress" will realize that Walter D. Head, whose appointment to the International Service Committee was in recognition of his world-wide perspective, charted the solution with the Rotary phrase, "the application of the service principle to all human relationships."

### Pioneering with Wheat

THE London Wheat Conference, of which Frederick E. Murphy writes so informatively in this issue, deserves thoughtful attention of all Rotarians who admit any concern over what Rotary calls International Service. The facts of the world's wheat muddle are, *per se*, important, but even more significant is the possibility that the practical-minded wheat men who gathered in London last summer pioneered the way for adjusting many other world-wide problems following in the wake of mechanization.

The successful Wheat Conference, it will be recalled, was a refreshing interlude between the fiascoes of the London Economic and the Geneva Disarmament Conferences. Sounding no platitudes, its delegates went quickly to work and within five days had

signed a pact which the conservative *New York Times* hailed as "the turning point marking a change in heart" among nations that had seemingly embarked upon careers of living to themselves alone.

But merely signing a pact, as Mr. Murphy shrewdly observes, does not make a conference a complete success. The test of the wheat agreement will come during the next few months. Then will be decided whether the coöperative, world-wide control of one commodity may point the way to a feasible technique for society to accommodate itself to a day not of a scarcity but of a surplus in the essentials of life.

## Back and Happy

THE veteran secretary of an American Rotary club tells in his *Weekly Bulletin* of meeting a former member who because of a serious illness was still hobbling about with the aid of a cane. He had been an active Rotarian and, being so, had found great joy in his membership. Then, because he was "too busy," had dropped out.

"But I made the biggest mistake of my life when I got out of this club," he admitted. "It gave me relaxation and needed companionship, and it took my mind away from business cares in the association of men whose friendship was the biggest asset I had."

The incident can be duplicated in many Rotary communities. The emotional and economic turmoil through which business and professional men have passed these past few years has been no less devastating to nerves and to the spirit than to bank accounts as the unnamed past district governor, who relates his "in and out" experiences in this issue, makes so clear. But he, like many another, is "back again," having learned that he needs Rotary more than it needs him. *And he is happy that his club had not forgotten him.*

## Civilization Insurance

WHAT is Youth Week?

To the person who has not taken part in one, adequate explanation is difficult. Like falling in love, or making a home-run in the eleventh inning with bases filled, and many other soul-satisfying things of life, a Youth Week must be *experienced* to be appreciated and understood.

A dictionary, however, might go at it something like this: "Youth Week—A special week, originated in 1920 by the New York Rotary Club as Boys' Week, but broadened to include girls; now sponsored by various organizations in numerous communities throughout the world; typically has 'days'

for organized attention to youth with respect to church, vocation, home life, athletics, school, citizenship, and outdoor life."

That covers the ground but, like most definitions, leaves out the human ingredient. For Youth Week, which this year will be observed April 28 to May 5 in many countries, developed out of a tense social need. Flaming youth of the early post-war period was a passing show, but anyone who takes the trouble to probe the thinking of high school boys and girls of today may be surprised to find youthful idealism strangely twisted into fanaticism or soured into hopelessness by a brusque contact with an unfriendly adult world.

Youth Week provides grown-ups with a technique for giving to boys and girls the exhilarating thrill of appreciated achievement. It lowers that long and discouraging step that stretches from adolescence to maturity. Certainly it takes one's time, but no Rotarian will regard it as in any sense wasted. Rather, he will think of it as an unmentionably small premium on a vitally important insurance policy—insurance against mental, moral, and physical pauperism in a generation that tomorrow will run the community, state, nation, and the world.

## Your Magazine

PUBLISHING a magazine which shall adequately interpret Rotary's diversified interests is no simple task, but it is one which each month the editors of THE ROTARIAN find lightened by understanding and sympathetic coöperation from Rotarians, especially district governors and club officers. With every issue, a planned effort is made to mirror in these columns the same wholesome but balanced stress on the practical application of Rotary's ideals which is to be found in the weekly programs of alert clubs.

It becomes gratifying, therefore, that ROTARIAN articles, especially the debates-of-the-month, are with increasing frequency being adapted to club use. This is as it should be, for this publication exists solely to serve. It is to be hoped that many clubs will make further use of Rotary's official organ during the week of April 23 to 27, authorized by the Executive Committee of Rotary International as "THE ROTARIAN Week."

Notwithstanding its designation, it was the intention of the Committee that this Week should provide an opportunity for learning of other Rotary periodicals, as well as THE ROTARIAN and, of course, the Spanish edition, REVISTA ROTARIA. The editors will be happy to supply information about these upon request.



# Radio Around the World

By Percy B. Prior

**T**O MAKE radio programs available to every human being on earth, more than 380,000,000 receiving sets would be necessary. There are now, roughly, only 30,000,000 sets in use. This means that but 150,000,000 people are now equipped with radio receiving facilities.

The United States leads the world in radio-mindedness. Its more than six hundred licensed stations and fifteen million receiving sets in use, are about equal to those of all other lands.

Mexico, too, is becoming radio-minded. During 1930 it placed twenty stations in operation. The total is now thirty-nine, an indication that that country is rapidly appreciating the importance of the young giant, radio. It is notable that Mexico is planning to use radio to teach pupils in country districts. A station, with the call letters XFX, has been installed at Mexico City by the Department of Education.

Siam has installed three stations in Bangkok. Africa has fourteen stations, one of which is in the heart of the jungle country.

I recently returned to England from Australia. In New South Wales, where I have been residing for the past eighteen years, radio has gone ahead with proverbial leaps and bounds. In Sydney alone

there are a dozen stations; Melbourne has eight; Brisbane (Queensland) four; Adelaide (South Australia) six, and Perth (Western Australia) five.

I shall never forget how I listened-in at Sydney to the cricket test matches played in England. These matches were broadcast direct from the respective grounds to the Penant Hills Wireless Station, in New South Wales, and from there were

Australians now follow cricket matches in London. Mexico City tunes in on Paris. Radio magic is no stranger in African jungles.

transferred to the various sub-stations all over Australia. When a test match was on, thousands sat up all night listening. It was actually broadcast ball for ball as the match progressed. At half-past eight in the evening (which was the time in England when the match started) we would gather in a barber's shop—some fifty or sixty of us—and eagerly listened to the progress of the game. Such gatherings as these took place all over Australia during the tests; while those who had private sets of their own were able to stay at home by the fireside and listen in to further games in comfort.

The general routine of broadcasting in Australia is much the same as in England. Each station starts at eight in the morning, and gives: general world news; the weather; stock and market reports; talks on cookery and housekeeping; sport news; lectures of various kinds; music of all kinds; the children's hour every evening. It is estimated that about two-thirds of the Australian population possess radio sets at the present time, and that number is steadily increasing as time goes on.

Photo: Acme Newspictures



*This bewildered Aymara Indian from near La Paz, Bolivia, is hearing New York jazz for the first time. There are no Robinson Crusoes anywhere anymore; the magic of the radio has made isolation an outmoded word.*

*"To me, Twinkle was always beautiful with her wide blue eyes, her bow of a mouth, and her elfin-rounded chin."*



Photo:  
by Anne Shriber

## My Daughter and I

By Owen Rutter

**I** ALWAYS wanted to have a daughter. For years it must have been a vague, woolly kind of wish, as a man who lives in an hotel where they don't allow dogs might wish to have an Alsatian. But I remember very well the afternoon when that wish crystallized into a definite and solid longing, as a poor woman longs for a fur coat. I was playing with the small girl of a friend of mine, and as I handed her over to her mother after our good-night kiss I found myself saying, "I'd like to own somebody like your Betty."

Well, in course of time I did, but not until I had been married three years. Ours was to be a "wanted"

Here's a dad who wants his girl to grow up with eyes wide open —would let her stub her toes now and then for her own good.

baby: she must have every chance we could give her. During the months we were waiting for her, we talked of her everyday, made plans for her, wondered what she would be like.

From that moment she became Little Twinkle and today, at four years old, Twinkle she remains. It seemed to me a good name, because it was neuter: it would have suited even if she had been a boy. However, the doctor predicted she would be a girl and as I had every confidence that his prediction

would be correct, I dared to dedicate to my unseen daughter a book for whose final proofs the printer would wait no longer.

And Little Twinkle justified my confidence in her from the start. Two nights later she arrived, perfectly and delightfully feminine. There is no need to dwell upon that night. As every father will know, it was as full of brooding terror as the nights when one waited for the zero hour—only worse, because one had not the relief of action and because one's terrors were not for oneself. After the doctor had been telephoned for and had arrived, I remember sitting about and waiting . . . waiting. The nurse wanted some hot water. I, glad of a job, went down to the kitchen to fetch it for her.

A few moments later I learned the tiny crying inside the bedroom was Little Twinkle announcing to the world that she had arrived at last and, apparently, wishing she hadn't come. I was told that she was everything that she ought to be, but for the moment she didn't seem to matter: I wanted to be assured that someone else was as safe as she. She was.

To me, of course, Twinkle was always beautiful with her wide blue eyes, her bow of a mouth, and her little elfin-rounded chin. Only when I look at a photograph I took of her on her first day out do I begin to wonder if she was then as lovely as I thought. . . . Well, perhaps it was a bad photograph. To me she was a darling, all I had dreamed she would be.

Twinkle didn't cry much, for she was a happy baby. People say that babies are not interesting until they are eighteen months old at least. But to me Little Twinkle was always interesting. I loved to creep up to her pram in the garden and watch her lying asleep sucking her thumb or, wakeful, gazing up into the branches of the copper beech above her. I longed to know what she was thinking about; for she had the air of one who is immersed in contemplation, like a Buddha.

And so Twinkle passed through those preliminary stages of human progression, from complete help-

lessness to crawling, from crawling to walking, from mystical remarks like *guggug* and *giddon-giddon* to coherent speech (it is to her credit that her first articulately spoken word was *barf*) until now she is an able-bodied little lady still equipped with blue eyes, bow mouth and pointed chin, artful (and upon rare occasions with a devil of a temper of her own) with the addition of a serviceable set of teeth, a mane of curling golden hair, and an insatiable thirst for general knowledge, which, so far as I can see, will never be slaked.

The persistence of children's questions has been the subject of innumerable jests. There is the story of the irritated parent who, cornered at last by his ruthless offspring, feebly resorted to the command "Oh, eat your damned bun!" That parent deserved to have no more questions asked him. Possibly he got his desserts

and was relieved. But he was wrong. For the danger is not of parents being asked too many questions, but of their being asked too few. A time may come when the small seeker after truth, getting to his "whys" answers like "Why do you think," or "Because it is," or realizing at last that he is being foisted off with lies, will ask no more—or ask elsewhere. Then that parent will have failed his child. It will be a great failure. It will mean the crumbling of sympathy and the erection of reserve, which bars the way to confidence.

I AM determined that I will not fail Twinkle like that. At present the questions she rains upon me are not so difficult, though there come occasional teasers, such as "Who puts the stars out in the sky?" Fortunately, while I was groping for a suitable reply to that one, she herself supplied this: "I 'spect the Man in the Moon does." And, as she seemed satisfied, I was content to let it go at that.

But soon, I feel, there will be other questions, questions that one cannot "let go at that." First will come questions, little artless questions, about sex, then about religion, about a score of things that need a considered answer. How am I going to answer them? Lie? I hope not. Hedge? That will be just as bad. No, Little [Continued on page 43]

## Youth in Spotlight

IT USED to be Boys' Week. And every year Rotarian-fathers of daughters, prompted by questions from the young ladies themselves, asked, "Why the discrimination?"

But now it's Youth Week, and in the United States the National Committee (211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago) has set April 28 to May 5, inclusive, as the time. A comprehensive eight-day program has, accordingly, been arranged which will be of especial interest to Rotary clubs.



# Tomorrow's Criminals

By R. W. Morris

Chief of Police, Geneva, New York

**D**URING the last week of August, 1930, I was invited to Sing Sing prison to be one of a group of official witnesses to see that the State of New York exacted from three men the law's full demand, a life for a life.

As one of the group of eighteen, I was marching down a long corridor, when with startling suddenness we came to a bend in the corridor. There on our left was an ante-room. Through the barred door I could see a gray-haired father, aged before his time, whose face had become familiar to me through the long trial. He walked up and down, the tears streaming over his white haggard face. Lying on a wooden bench was the crumpled figure of a young woman. Her sobs filled the little room—sobs that only a heart-broken sister could utter, waiting for the body of her brother who was about to feel the grip of the electric chair.

We passed on to our stern mission. And, it was completed. That night and for many days following, I was moved to wonder how many times that scene in the ante-room had been reenacted.

When we read in our newspapers of the young men who leap into the headlines by the use of gun and blackjack, when we hear of the increase in murders and holdups, and of prison riots—which put to shame an Indian massacre—many of us are led to believe society is facing a new condition.

Criminals are using modern means and methods. They have at their disposal different means of transportation than the criminal of the horse-back days of Dick Turpin, the Younger brothers, and Lame Johnny. They have more deadly weapons—and the blinding excitement that comes from reading glowing stories of the old time gunmen who are played

Do you "fix it" when you get a ticket? Plead off on jury work? Then don't wonder that today's "hardened criminals" are boys.

up as heroes in the newspapers, the magazines, and the moving pictures.

Gun play has long been with us in America. Our forefathers took the land from the Indians by gun play. In the olden days a man like Jesse James would hold up a bank or train single handed and play a pretty much of a lone hand, but today is the day of organization. Crime flourishes on a much

Photo: Chicago Boy's Club.



Boys busied with school, home, Y. M. C. A., Scouting, hobbies, and the other activities emphasized during Youth Week are not the ones who go wrong.

larger scale and in keeping with twentieth century conditions.

Let me cite but two cases of the modern criminal with whose methods of operation everyone is more or less familiar, thanks to newspapers. Typical is that former vice-president of vice, Mr. Capone, who not so long ago heard the clank of a United States penitentiary door behind him; also "Legs" Diamond, who was brought to justice only by a decree from the underworld.

These men are perfect examples, showing the twentieth century method of crime. They were organizers. Just think of a situation where one man could become powerful enough to dominate crime in a city of three and a half millions, give orders for the murder of over fifty people, control politics, and operate rackets which were said to yield \$75,000 per day. If this generation can produce such a man, what will the next one do?

When such criminals are given proper punishment it teaches a better lesson to the present generation than a barrel of sermons preached to their fathers and mothers who are attending church while the children sleep off the weary effects of the night before.

Seventy-five per cent of the men in prison in the United States are under twenty-five years of age. Eighty-two per cent of present day criminals started

Photos: Acme Newspictures.



*Idleness and doubtful companions have been the start for many youngsters that have led first to "stripping" cars and then to more serious crimes.*

in as juvenile delinquents. America spends three times as much in detecting, convicting, and imprisoning criminals as it does in child welfare. Is this not putting the cart before the horse?

It is impossible entirely to reform the present generation. You of the great "public" have formed your habits and we policemen hope that you won't become any worse than you are. But the obligation falls on all of us to attack crime at its source—boys and girls. The juvenile delinquent of today is tomorrow's criminal.

More than 25,000 lads of the age of sixteen to nineteen came before the courts of Greater New York in one year. The police line-ups in the larger American cities used to be composed of men in their middle age—now they are made up of youths in their teens or early twenties. The majority of violent crimes are committed by young men.

Police alone can not solve the problem. Police organizations are not perfect—but there is a reason for this.

America is a nation of "fixers." You want to fix it so you won't get a ticket for parking. If you do get one, you want to fix it with the chief of police. If you get a ticket for speeding, you want to fix it with the judge. If you are drawn for jury duty, you want to fix it with the court so you won't have to serve. From these small fixes, it was but a step to fixing your bootlegger up with a suspended sentence, which

takes you but half a step from fixing things up for a gunman.

Remember that the police, as an agency of public service, are your servants. They reflect the character of the group which maintains them in trying to enforce the laws which you-the-public made and which you try to fix after you have violated them.

What does a son think when his father who has broken a law comes home and proudly remarks, "Well, I've fixed it." What can he think? Certainly it is hardly necessary to say that he is forming his opinions of the courts and laying the basis for future habits. Where does the blame properly belong

when the boy is later caught in some illegal act? Not on him, certainly, but the father!

What can we do for the boy—and what is finer than doing something for a boy? First of all, he must be reached in his habit-forming stage. He must be provided with supervised recreation. Boys do not get in trouble during school hours nor when they are home, but in their spare time. We do not have to worry much about the boy who is affiliated with the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, or any similar organization. Ninety-five [Continued on page 59]

# This Fishing Business

By Harold Titus

**I** CAUGHT a fish. It was one among . . . oh, say, a dozen or fifteen. But it wasn't a trout. It wasn't a bass and it wasn't a pike or a sucker because it had risen to my inadeptly cast fly. It was a strange fish to me, but until the sun threatened to touch the western hills rising above the valley of the Boardman, I thought of it slightly. It was just one more fish. In those days, understand, numbers counted.

And when I had that dozen or fifteen fish; and when I finally had thought for the descending sun and recalled the maternal mandate about supper . . . why, I went a-scambling away from that river as fast as dozen-year-old legs could take me because it was seven miles to town. And in that glorious era if the road was such that it could not be negotiated by bike—and this was one—a boy late in starting home for supper was in a bad way, indeed.

Luck, that evening, caressed me with a smile. The local came along and panted to a stop for cars of logs on the siding. A boy was always tolerated in the caboose, and so up I climbed, careful not to tangle legs in my new fly rod, my first. It was split bamboo, of uncertain balance and flexibility and most sketchily

*But if it's just fishing, how's this? He tipped the scales at 24½ pounds.*



*"But the tourist-Rotarian and his family, convention-bound next summer, will demand something else besides good fishing streams."*

wound; priced at a dollar, which represented numbered cords of wood piled and a multitude of minor services rendered.

(*What?* . . . you're snorting. A twelve-year-old boy fly-fishing back in those days when local freights hauled logs in Michigan? . . . Brother, I was born in Traverse City and to be a native of that ultimate in home towns and not fish with flies was, even in that distant day, akin to owing everybody in the county. To be sure, now and again, you just couldn't make 'em come on flies, just as occasionally you couldn't meet your obligations, and something else was resorted to. But in Traverse City, from those dear 'nineties to this day, you either use flies or explain!)

**W**HERE was I? . . . Yes, getting into the caboose. And they set in the loads and the conductor gave the highball and we rolled homeward and the brakeman peered into the flour sack which served as a creel and pawed over the fish and pulled out the strange one and said:

"Why kid, you caught you a grayling, didn't you? Lookit," he said to the conductor. "The kid caught him a grayling! I ain't see one come outta this crick since 'ninety-two."

I can't recall my exact reaction to this but sitting here, in 1934, and relating the incident, my pulse is up about twenty beats because, although that specimen was my first and last of the species, I had that day caught me a Michigan grayling.

What of it? the uninitiated [*Cont'd on page 34*]



## Michigan Pan

*The Netherlands sent many energetic colonists to Michigan, a fact perpetuated in the names of numerous cities. The region around one of them, Holland, is far famed for its tulips.*

*The author of the accompanying article admits that he was born in Traverse City, Mich. When you remember the Lake (below), however, that boast becomes*



*Canoeing is a sport that brings its full quota of pleasure to summer vacationers in the Great Lakes territory. Lakes abound, both large and small. This picture is from Lake Leelanau, Michigan.*



*Trails of romance thread the northern cut-over lands, once again quivering with tree life. Ontario led in the movement to save the forests. Now Michigan, following Wisconsin's example, has embarked on a Land Planning campaign.*



Photo, Michigan Department of Conservation.



*In Michigan, making sure that there are available fish every year is a big business.*

# Panorama

Detroit, seat of Rotary International's twenty-fifth convention, is hardly less famed for its golf courses than for automobiles. Fine links are but a few minutes from the convention hall.

ing article with bold pride ad-  
at ultimate of home towns,"  
remember that it is near Long  
boast becomes understandable.



At Detroit's back—  
or is it the front—  
door is the Detroit  
River, home of  
speedboating. Yachts  
abound. Doubtless  
many Rotarians,  
coming from east  
and west, will make  
the journey in the  
huge Lake steamers.

And, as you would  
expect, undulating  
ribbons of concrete  
stretch out from De-  
troit in all direc-  
tions. Ontario is just  
across the river to  
entice the visitor on  
farther into the Do-  
minion—to old Que-  
bec and to Montreal.



Gone are the hap-  
hazard methods of  
other days. Trained  
men run hatcheries.





*All through the Great Lakes region, "summer Walhallas" abound, offering the vacationer a full choice of sports.*

*The Michigan grayling may be almost extinct, as the author laments, but this picture is evidence that there is many a finny fellow left to test the skill of the rod enthusiast.*



may ask. I'll tell you what of it: the Michigan grayling is gone. Why, no one knows. Like the buffalo; almost like the passenger pigeon. Except for a remnant of his once glorious millions, only a few remain in a closely guarded section of one small stream and to date all efforts to stimulate him to increase and to encourage him again to populate other crystal rivers have met with black failure.

Not only is the Michigan grayling a departed species. He was something distinctive in himself and he stood for something in history. He was something in himself! I can attest to it. I've seen a look come into the eyes of mean old men—tough old roughnecks of the open, cold old pirates of busy marts—I've seen a look come into their eyes when they talked back to the days of the Michigan grayling which indicates that once, anyhow, their very souls responded to something delicate and beautiful and wholly fine. He was, to the angler, what Beethoven is to the musician, Rembrandt to the painter, Keats to the poet. Precious, if you understand.

**A**ND he stood for this in history: he could survive only in a country unspoiled by man. He needed the pristine, the virginal.

The point of the anecdote right now is to get over the fact that, although insurance companies are gambling that I will survive to fish many more summers, my experience has spanned piscatorial epochs. I caught one Michigan grayling. I snared speckled trout by the creel-full from streams that teemed with the species. I watched the growth of rainbow and

brown trout populations in certain rivers until they became famous for their supply of these exotics, introduced in heroic attempts to keep fishing good after the speckled char dwindled before the onslaught.

And then I saw those rainbow and brown streams go to pot.

I've watched the waters of a brave state pillaged and plundered until you could fish your arm off and your heart out and do no good. And I've seen the beginnings of an undertaking which, we hope and pray, will give to our sons' sons and to theirs and theirs, fishing of a satisfactory sort. Fishing good enough, at least, to get them into clean streams and hold them there in soothing embrace where the sights and sounds and smells of an abundant nature may give respite from the processes of civilization and fresh courage for resumed attacks upon its perplexities.

I did my full share of that pillaging and plundering. I pounded favored waters until they fell barren and then explored for more rivers to conquer and despoil. I became secretive—a recognized weakness among fishermen—and even lied frequently to keep some treasured stretch from the plunderings of another; because we were all rather much brigands then in our approach to [Continued on page 48]



# Our Readers' Open Forum

Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. They should be as brief as possible.

## "Bootleg Firearms"

To the Editors:

After reading the two very interesting articles "Permit Citizens to Carry Firearms?" appearing in February ROTARIAN, I would like to make the following comment.

I am trying to be reasonable and take an unbiased stand, but I am forced to agree with J. Lovell Johnson, against Senator Royal S. Copeland.

Senator Copeland gives examples of horrible crimes in the early part of his article, but could not these same crimes have been committed with firearms of foreign make, through bootleg channels?

Firearms have been smuggled into prisons, one of which was the Tombs Prison in the heart of New York a few years ago. This is still recalled by many—how firearms were smuggled in spite of both the New York Sullivan Law and a heavily guarded prison. This is just one of a number of examples of how firearms may be smuggled and bootlegged.

Such a bill as Senator Copeland hopes to put through, would only raise the price of arms and ammunition to all sportsmen and give the criminal a larger field to work in.

PAUL WRIGHT,

Silver City, New Mexico.

## "Rochester Does Not Forget"

To the Editors:

Timely, indeed, is the thought expressed by an "Ex-Rotarian" in the January number, entitled "Forgotten?" If a club in a community is to accept any single responsibility, consideration for former members should come first.

Usually a member does not withdraw because of a desire to do so. Financial reverses, change of occupation, and other things cause him to leave. Occasionally perhaps, it may be lack of interest, but not often. And the reason for lack of interest is often found in the club management, which has failed to find something for him to do—some activity that would touch his heart and make him interested.

Rochester's plan is not one hundred per cent, but it serves to toss a remembrance to the "Ex-Rotarian."

Once each year—at the anniversary meeting in February—all former members of the club are sent a special invitation to be here with us. No exceptions—even those removed to distant places are included. A special reception committee looks after their comfort when they come, and they are introduced individually and made to feel one of us. Incidentally, the presiding officer in welcoming them, always cherishes the hope that some day they may return to the fold.

Again—in the Fall—when some outstanding personality is to speak before us, on a live subject, the invitation is repeated; this time, only to those who are still residents of the city.

Sixty-five came to one of the Anniversary meetings; seldom less than fifty. Does it pay to invite them? To Rochester, it seems the least we can do for those who have helped to make Rotary what it is.

BILL CAMPBELL,  
Secretary, Rotary Club,

Rochester, New York.

## "Article . . . Superb"

To the Editors:

The article by Salvador de Madariaga in the January ROTARIAN is superb, and so is your editorial concerning it. I have also read with the keenest interest the description of your new international president. Under his executive and your editorial leadership Rotary can make tremendous contributions to the cause of peace.

RAYMOND T. RICH,

Director, World Peace Foundation.

Boston, Massachusetts.

## "World Interest"

To the Editors:

I am writing to compliment you on the type of magazine that you are now editing. I make particular reference to the January issue which I had an opportunity to read more thoroughly than is always my privilege to read the club magazine. It certainly is no longer only a club magazine, but is one of world interest to people throughout the many nations whether or not they happen to be particularly interested in Rotary, much less be a member of a Rotary club.

The article on the proposed Seadrome plan was by far the most exhaustive article on this proposal that I have seen. I gave the magazine to several individuals that they might read this particular article and many of them who are accustomed to reading a great deal of the current literature of today, said that it was the only complete article they had seen, and appreciated very much having the opportunity to read it.

BURNEY WILSON,

Men's Furnishings-Retailing

El Dorado, Arkansas.

## "Raw and Childish"

To the Editors:

In reply to the question "Is This a Jam Factory?" I am reminded of Professor Ware's comforting remark at the end of a severe criticism. "Of course, if that is the sort of thing you like, why, you like that sort of thing."

The plan and equipment of the Shakespeare Memorial are no doubt most efficient. The exterior treatment, in mass, expresses the functions of the different parts. But I do not see how one could use the word "design" in reference to it.

The Modernists pride themselves on sweeping away useless detail, such as cornices, columns, pediments, etc. But they substitute for these, other features that are utterly lacking in any *raison d'être*.

Consider those massive brick piers, illustrated on page 17, for instance. They serve only to give a deep black shadow. So also the V shaped pilasters on the front; the marquee which gives the appearance of heavy plank piled in a way that threatens to topple down on the heads of the patrons; the dentil effect in the lintels of the windows above the marquee; the sunk corbel effect in the front cornice and machicolations of the rear ones.

All these are put in purely for shadow effect. But they all seem rather raw and childish compared to the features that they supersede.

The work of modernistic architects, I believe, should more properly be referred to as schemes rather than as designs.

LOUIS A. WALSH,

Waterbury, Connecticut.

Architect.

## "Is This a Jam Factory?"

To the Editors:

This is not being written to cast brick houses or cobblestones at Miss Elizabeth Scott. It is my opinion, even if it were Callicrates, of Athens, Romualdus, of France, Bramants, of Urbino, or Sir Christopher Wren, of England, as the architect.

Modern architecture has its place, but should not be a wire nail when wooden pegs should be used, because there is a time and place for all things—including architecture.

"It is hard to learn an old dog new tricks." Having learned my five orders of architecture, with every I dotted and every T crossed, the Shakespeare Memorial Theater appears to me as a fifteenth century solid gold carved engagement ring, with a five and ten cent store setting.

Stratford on the Avon has changed but little since the poet's death. That little, in my opinion, is prizing out the design of the Charles Flower Memorial Theater (which was the true diamond in the ring), replacing same with a wonderful 3.2 beer foundry of the latest American origin.

The whole world comes to Stratford-on-Avon, drawn by the power of the immortal Shakespeare, and will feel the same shivering shock as the author, who asked, Is This a Jam Factory?

If this sacrilege is permissible, why not modernize Shakespeare's birthplace on Henley Street, and Anne Hathaway's cottage. Why not modernize Westminster Abbey into a modern cheese-factory design, St. Peter's of Rome into one of our new storage oil tanks. The Columbus Statue at Genoa could be easily modernized into a pig pen by the use of a few strands of barbed wire. It is a wonder that someone has not suggested that some flying buttresses, bartizans, machicolations and baldachins be added to the Washington Monument, so that it would be useful as a wireless station. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

HENRY MOUNT,

Brownwood, Texas.

Architect.

## "It Might Be a Brewery"

To the Editors:

I have read the article by Mr. Clinton P. Anderson entitled "A Jam Factory on the Avon" in the March, 1934, ROTARIAN and have looked at the illustrations with considerable interest.

The article is very well written and I have no doubt that the building is a wonderful piece of mechanism. However, it *would* be a shock to come upon it unexpectedly in the midst of a lovely English country-side. I have not seen the building—only the illustrations—and judging from them I cannot agree that "Unquestionably it is a theater." It might be a brewery. I showed the illustration of the north side from the water-front to eight persons of above-the-average intelligence with the following results: A druggist, a college professor, a college secretary, and a banker said it was a warehouse; an office building operator said it was a prison; a commercial photographer said it was a brewery; a banking executive said it was an exhibition building; and a college superintendent of buildings and grounds said it was a theater. Mr. Anderson says "No one can approach the north front from the water-side and fail to guess the purpose of the building which confronts him." Do the patrons come to the theater in boats?

There is a very good reason why the Shakes-

peare Memorial Theater should not be called a "Jam Factory on the Avon." It is a theater and should express the fact that it is one. I can agree that "A jam factory is honest as to its functions"—it should be, and so should a theater. Why should a theater be made to look like a jam factory?

Certainly a theater has the same right to candor; certainly it should be a place wherein the plays of Shakespeare may be adequately staged; certainly there should be "no attempt to deceive a visitor into the belief that it is a great castle"—but there is no reason that, to accomplish this, it must be made to look like a "jam factory." There is no reason why a theater could not be designed with all the facilities for staging the plays to perfection and to accommodate the patrons in all comfort as has evidently been done in this building—and still make it a place to be

ignored in all public proposals of press, pulpit, or politician; viz., the drinking habits of the individual consumer, as shown in the old American custom of "treating" in public drinking places—a custom vicious to the *nth* degree.

This matter was brought to the attention of the Newark (N. Y.) Rotary Club at its meeting of December 21st last; the members were asked to think it over and discuss it during the week, and Sherman Bloomer, one of our club members, was requested to present his views at the next meeting. Sherm said, among other things:

"To offer to pay for someone else's drink in Germany is an insult. They excuse crazy Americans and other (to them) queer people for knowing no better. On your birthday you may buy for your friends in public, but you pay the entire bill and no one offers to treat you. The general experience there is that everybody drinks but nobody gets drunk.



"One very vital problem . . . the old American custom of 'treating' in public drinking places . . . vicious to the *nth* degree."

remembered for its beauty and atmosphere instead of its incongruity and clumsiness.

The illustration on page 16 portraying a wrought iron detail and accompanied by the sentence "Carefully executed details here and there relieve otherwise dreary stretches of brick and mortar" is what and what practical purpose does it serve? These same enthusiasts talk about "Decorative rather than decorated materials" and then describe a door that is "Mahogany, blistered, ebonyized, painted and mottled, all in the same door."

It would seem that to design a theater as a memorial to the immortal "Bard of Avon" at the place of his birth, in which to stage his plays and which would be of interest to the whole of the cultured world, would present a simple problem to the architect as far as selection of style is concerned. To me the ideal solution of a problem such as this would be a theater that would create an atmosphere of the time and place in which he lived and worked. It should be a memorial to him and not to the designer—to the past and not to the present.

O. J. MUNSON,  
Architect.

Lansing, Michigan.

### Solo Buying—No Treating

To the Editors:

There is one very vital component of the liquor problem—yes, by far the most important single force connected with it—which has been

"It should be made a crime by law for anyone in the liquor business to buy or give away a drink. This law should have teeth in it, and I believe it could be enforced, though perhaps a law against treating in public would be just another of those fool laws, incapable of enforcement, and would do more harm than good.

"In the days before Prohibition it was almost impossible to go into any public drinking place without having one or more men insist that you drink with them, and of course you bought your round in turn. Instead of drinking what you wanted and intended to, you drank a number of "rounds," took cheap cigars and short drinks, spent more money than you intended or perhaps could afford, and thus took part in an economic waste that few countries in the world could stand. You had participated in an absurdity which an intelligent people and intelligent individuals should not countenance. It got worse instead of better and was the one most potent cause of the intemperance and excesses which at last led to 'Prohibition.'

"Years ago, when an attempt was made to popularize the idea of 'I don't treat nor accept treats,' the manufacturers and purveyors of liquor and beer saw in it, if it succeeded, the loss of their very best sales scheme; and made a mighty effort to head it off. They were ably aided and abetted in this effort by the satirists and humorists of the day, who ridiculed the idea to death.

"The chances for accomplishing something

along this line are better today than in those old days. There is a much more general spirit towards trying to avoid the evils of the old days of legalized liquor. Almost everybody (including the professional humorists) who write for publication nowadays has a plan for reducing the evils of former days; and there is no reason in the world why they shouldn't get behind this very important movement.

"The question for us is, Are we willing to face the ridicule that is pretty sure to be heaped upon us if we espouse this cause? How much responsibility is each of us willing to take in a move which can reduce drunkenness 50 per cent to 75 per cent? That it will take moral stamina, no one need doubt."

\* \* \* \*

There was a good general discussion of the subject, following Sherm's remarks. Objections were conspicuous by their absence; and the following resolution was *unanimously* adopted:

Believing that intemperance in the use of alcoholic beverages is an economic and a social evil, inimical to the public welfare; and

Believing that treating in public drinking places is one of the most prolific causes of intemperance, and one which can not be controlled or favorably influenced by law;

We, the Newark (N. Y.) Rotary Club hereby pledge ourselves individually and collectively to use our best efforts toward popularizing the "Dutch treat"; and we direct that a copy of this resolution be sent to Rotary International, with a request that it be published in THE ROTARIAN together with an explanation of the steps leading to its adoption.

\* \* \* \*

In the January ROTARIAN, Frank J. Loesch, of the Wickersham Commission, says: "A body blow could be struck at excessive social drinking in licensed places if treating could be legally forbidden. But any regulation to that effect would be resented as an uncalled-for invasion of personal rights and would prove ineffectual. If the European non-treating habit could be adopted, it must be the result of education and a change of American habits in that respect."

And, let this writer add, it must be the result of "example" set by community leaders. Hence, to those of us who believe that "Community leaders" and "Rotary" are synonymous, the call is clear, that we adopt for our own personal conduct a rule against treating or being treated in public; and that we shall spread the recommendation to others as widely as possible.

C. H. BALDWIN,

Newark, N. Y.

Secretary, Rotary Club.

### Better "Soft Pedal"

To the Editors:

Imagine my surprise when picking up the March ROTARIAN to at once note, and forcibly too, that it has gone modern—why the cover is a wow—and how it fits right in with the music game including radio—that is the surprise of my life. To think that all these years have gone by without proper recognition of a major industry is appalling.

This is very serious; why that galaxy of Rotary attendance stars?—not so hot I am sure—for there are many more of the same stripe all over the universe (perhaps not so well known in the archives of the Chicago office) nevertheless the records prove the facts. Why I would not make much of a fuss about some of the data—despite my own record (now starting my sixteenth year of perfect attendance) and a record of having attended one hundred thirty-one meetings in a ten month period—but two of them at home and the others distributed among sixty-nine clubs. Better "soft pedal" on that page—you may be overwhelmed with other reports.

ARTHUR E. WINTER,

Proprietor, Winter Music Store.

Altoona, Pennsylvania.

# The Rotary Hourglass

Miscellaneous news notes on activities and matters of interest to the Rotary family, gleaned from newspapers, club publications, and letters from correspondents around the world.

**EAC to Meet.** The European Advisory Committee will hold its second meeting during the fiscal year at Budapest, Hungary, April 11-13.

**On Goodwill Tour.** Milton Ray Hartmann, secretary of the Rotary Club of Thun, Switzerland, is making a goodwill tour of the United States. His travelling schedule includes addresses to some forty Rotary clubs in the United States, also several Swiss clubs en route.

**NRAssistant.** Prentiss Terry, of Louisville, Ky., has been compelled to resign as governor of the Eighteenth District because of his new duties as special assistant to General Hugh S. Johnson, administrator of the NRA. Past Governor Harry V. McChesney, of Frankfort, Ky., has been named by the Board of Directors of Rotary International to fill the unexpired term.

**Heads Shipping Board.** Henry H. Heimann, New York Rotarian, has been appointed director of the United States Shipping Board by Secretary of Commerce Roper. Rotarian Heimann, as THE ROTARIAN'S Kiver-to-Kiver Klub will recall, contributed an informative article on bankruptcy to the December number, in which his portrait appeared.

**News from Detroit.** The Detroit convention headquarters, in the Statler Hotel of that city, is already busy with requests for hotel reservations and other details incident to the convention (June 25-29). It is the office of the Convention Committee of Rotary International, of Co-chairmen Paul H. King and Richard C. Hedke, of the Host Club Executive Committee, and of the various subordinate committees of the Detroit Rotary Club working on the convention. Convention Manager Howard H. Feighner is in charge.

**Race Is On.** Spring, which poets credit with inspiring so many things, seems annually to bring its rivalry for the honor of being the oldest Rotarian. The first two entries of 1934 are: George B. Crow, lawyer, president of the Rotary Club of (Believe it or Not) Ripley, W. Va., age 87; and D. R. Gordon, classification: farming, member of the Abilene, Kans., Rotary Club since it started in 1921, age 89.

**Fifth Time.** James Skewes, Meridian, Miss., newspaperman, chairman of the newspaper craft assembly at the Boston convention, has for the fifth time been elected president of the Chamber of Commerce in his home town.

**International Correspondence.** From a group of students meeting at the Girls High School in San Francisco back in 1925 has grown a world wide movement of special interest to Rotarians. Under the name of "World League of International Education Associations" it sponsors an exchange of correspondence among students in various countries, as well as a study of customs, arts, songs, literature, legends, etc.

Local clubs are fostered in various high schools in some thirty countries. The contact they are enabled to secure with members of other nations, together with lectures and programs, is instrumental in developing a more tolerant attitude toward other peoples, and a

more sympathetic understanding of world problems. Mrs. Alice Wilson, who may be addressed at Room 521, Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, is Director of the Association. Its honorary president is Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur.



*Introducing the Stephens brothers, charter members of the 19-year old Rotary Club of Danville, Ill. R. Allen (left) and G. Haven (center) are past presidents; William H. is now president. It looks like a record!*

**Acclaim Lehar.** Rotarians who attended the Vienna convention and were thrilled at the special performance of Rotarian Franz Lehar's "The Merry Widow" will be especially pleased to learn that his latest work, "Giuditta," won an unqualified success at its recent and initial performance. It was presented in the Vienna Staatsoper, this being the first time Lehar music has been heard there.

**Smallest Rotary Town?** A recent inquiry from a wondering Rotarian brings to light the fact that the seven smallest towns having Rotary clubs are:

	Pop.	Rotarians
Gloucester, Va. ....	150	21
Ossipee, N. H. ....	355	22
Exmore, Va. ....	400	22
Minden, Nev. ....	440	20
Clay, W. Va. ....	535	14
Auburn, Ky. ....	715	18
Elizabethtown, N. C. ....	766	12

Curiously, the membership figures are approximately in inverse ratio to the size of the towns.

**"Andy" Honored.** The General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of New York, founded in 1785, has chosen as its new president Andrew H. Dykes, of the Dykes Lumber Company, past president of the New York Rotary Club. "Andy" received part of his education in the Mechanics Institute, founded by the society. This organization is one of the oldest extant in New York and has distinguished itself in philan-

thropic and educational work, made possible by an endowment which now totals \$5,000,000.

**Rotary Mission.** Dr. Fong Sec, of Shanghai, was much in demand as a speaker while in the United States for the January meeting of the Board of Directors of Rotary International. On February 6 he began a Rotary mission that will take him to New Zealand and Australia where he will attend conferences. Before he returns to North America in the spring to appear before other district conferences, he will visit the clubs at Manila, P.I., and Hong Kong.

**New Clubs.** Among the recently elected Rotary clubs, these:

Wuppertal, Germany; Rosedale, Miss., U.S.A.; Ciénaga, Colombia; Olomouc, Czechoslovakia; Las Palmas, Spain; Farmington, Mo., U.S.A.; Buitenzorg, Java; Bridgwater, Somerset, England; Romans, France; Boulogne-sur-Mer, France; Cádiz, Spain.

Otaru, Japan; Kraków, Poland; Nyíregyháza, Hungary; Banjaluka, Yugoslavia; Chilliwack, B.C., Canada; Frederiksberg, Denmark; Bonne Terre, Mo., U.S.A.; Gladewater, Tex., U.S.A.; Bourges, France; Cheribon, Java.

**East-West Classic.** When the Los Angeles Rotary Club recently arose to remark something about having an extraordinarily large ratio of weekly visitors in relation to its membership, it started things. Over in Florida, two clubs rushed into the lists to accept the "challenge" to beat the California record. It looks as though the East has the edge over the West, for Miami's last year average weekly record was 45 visiting Rotarians, or 36 per cent, while St. Petersburg, latest to enter the competition, reported 138 per cent for January.

**Or Cigar Store.** Dr. Alex. Potter, of the Continental European office of Rotary International, at Zurich, Switzerland, has among other things in his work-kit, a supply of good humor. To wit:

"Classifications will prove a great difficulty," he writes of Morocco, and cites an example of a shop whose "sign lists the following: 'Books, Daily papers, Stationery, Cigarettes, Wines, Spirits, Mineral Water, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Groceries, Confectionery, Alimentation, Comestibles, etc.' How can the proprietor be classified? Of course, back home in Canada or the United States it would be simple. The answer would be 'Drugs retailing!'"

**Pan-American Day.** With the very successful Pan-American Conference at Montevideo, Uruguay, in the immediate background, Pan-American Day (April 14), will this year be of especial significance. The Pan-American Union, Washington, D.C., will supply literature on request.

**Surprise.** When Carl Steeb, Rotary International Finance Committee member, recently visited the central office, he stopped, astonished, before a painting in the building lobby which shows three studious men deeply engrossed in a chess game.

"Well, I'll be surprised!" said Carl, "that central figure is Rotarian George F. Arps, dean



of our College of Education at Ohio State University, at Columbus, and the other two are his professorial colleagues. The picture was done by Guy Weiser, of the university's department of fine arts, and has received several notable awards at various exhibitions."

**Hangchow Incident.** Douglas C. Howland, secretary for Eastern Asia, writes of his visit to the new Rotary club at Hangchow, China:

The entire business of the meeting was conducted in Chinese and I learn that they find it more interesting and naturally a much easier way of expressing themselves.

One amusing incident occurred. One of the Brazilian clubs had written to them in Portuguese and they had found one member of their club who was able to translate it. The reply was decided on and it was agreed that it should be sent in Chinese although I believe an English translation will accompany it. I imagine that it might be difficult for this Brazilian club to find anyone capable of translating their reply.

This club has a membership now of thirty-two with some additional names that are being acted on by the membership committee. Nine of these are "foreign" members. I hope it will be the pioneer club which will show the way for the introduction of Rotary to a large number of Chinese cities to which Rotary cannot be taken now on account of the fact that no one is sufficiently trained for that work and because there is not a sufficient amount of Rotary literature in Chinese to accomplish this work.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD

## Sands—From the President's Office

**Paul Harris to Capetown.** The Fifty-fifth District has never, I believe, had a Rotary International official at its conference, though Sydney Pascall visited several clubs there during his presidency. So I asked Paul Harris to visit them at Capetown and he and Jean have embarked on their long journey. I fancy "oom Paul" is a rather popular name still in parts of South Africa. What a yarn Paul and Governor Hugh Bryan will have!

**Chance to Fraternize.** With one or two directors, I am to have an opportunity in March (about the time this magazine goes to press) to talk through with the Board of R.I.B.I. (Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland) in London on some of the problems of administration which for some time past seem to have called for clearer definition. The leadership which Rotary has had in Great Britain and Ireland is responsible in large measure for the vital form it has taken throughout that area, while features of our set-up, like the Aims and Objects plan, are samples of the constructive contribution R.I.B.I. is making to the mosaic of world-wide Rotary.

I hope also to visit the spring convention at Douglas on the Isle of Man, and to enjoy the opportunity, unfortunately so seldom available, of entering into that rich fraternity of which I had a taste a few years ago at some of the British district conferences.

**Unit Club Supreme.** A few weeks ago, the wife of the member of a large club in one of the states of the Union was much embarrassed by being held up for her auto license in another state, and fined for not having it on her person. Her husband's indignation at what he regarded as an abuse of authority was greatly increased when it was found that the magistrate who imposed the fine was president of the Rotary club in that town. It was brought to my attention as a case where disciplinary steps should be taken by Rotary International.

More recently still, a club in a European capital was addressed by one whose membership had been cancelled by his own club in another nation. The president of the club so addressed felt that the visitor and one or two of his co-religionists had been unfairly excluded from their own club, and indicated his intention to regard and recognize them still as Rotarians when visiting the club over which he presides.

The constitution and by-laws are quite clear on such matters. A local club may accept or reject a member at will. If expelled, the member has the right of appeal to the club, but that is final. R.I. has no authority to intervene. It is also clear that with such sovereign powers definitely in the hands of the unit club, no other club should question that authority or recognize any member who has been excluded through its exercise. Any variation of this rule would result in misunderstanding and seriously threaten the harmony of Rotary.

**A Check-up.** Governor Joseph Mills of the Twenty-third District has a nimble set of wits that are kept busy in directing the publicity of the great stores of which he is a director in Detroit. But he finds time between the exactions of business, and the diversions of the famous Gold Room so well remembered by those who have visited his home, to think up a lot of things for Rotary. The other day he suggested a ballot in his club to determine by popular verdict, who among the members was regarded as the handsomest; the gloomiest; the highest hatted; the most popular; smoothest politician; most original; wittiest; most pious; best dressed; busiest; done-most-for-the-club, etc.

Imagine the jolt any of us would get if confronted with the verdict of our fellow members that we were the worst "high-hat" or "gloom party" or "bluffer" in our club. What a shock to self-complacency.

On the "George Washington," crossing to Vienna two or three years ago, Prentiss Terry, most gregarious of mortals, after the first two days had contacted practically everyone but the man in the crow's nest and a past high official of R.I. who at the time was in rather pensive mood. "I don't believe you're as big a grouch as you look" was Prentiss' cheerful salutation. The cigar almost fell out of—there I almost wrote the name—the accosted one's mouth. As a result of that jolt the two men developed a deep affinity and became warm friends.

Joe's whimsical ballot, if used in all our clubs, might serve a similar good office to many of us who are unconscious of the impression we often leave by self-abstractness or forgetfulness.

**Who pays Expenses?** Where Board officials visit clubs or conferences at the direction of R.I., the latter pays the necessary expenses of the visit. But where clubs invite a Rotarian, be he a Board member or not, they should be prepared to bear the necessary expense. The only exception is in the case of such visits as the President of R.I. may find himself able to make during his administrative term. Much embarrassment would be saved all round if club officers would familiarize themselves with this rule and adhere to it.

*John Nelson*

Photo: Courtesy White Star Line.

*Bon Voyage! A representative group of Rotarians gave a cordial send-off to President Nelson, Secretary Perry, Director Manier, Past Vice-president Botsford, who will participate in a conference in London with the Board of R.I.B.I., and to President Emeritus Paul Harris, who is to visit several district conferences. Snapped in the salon of the Majestic are (left to right): Past President Knoeppel and Secretary Rushmore of the New York Rotary Club; Secretary Perry; Director Manier; President Nelson; President Emeritus Harris; and Past President Crawford C. McCullough.*





In the eleven years that Sir Nevile Wilkinson's "Titania's Palace" has been moving about the world, it has travelled 40,000 miles, and has been inspected by 850,000 people. Best of all it has earned £42,000 sterling for benefit of crippled children.

During the stay of this unique attraction in Huddersfield, England, local Rotarians gave to Oberon, Titania's consort, a miniature Rotary wheel. H. M. Queen Mary of England (left) is a frequent visitor to the fairy queen's palace. Below: the dining room.



Photos: Sasha, London.

## Rotary Around the World

### Peru

#### School Police

MOQUEGUA—Members of the Moquegua Rotary Club have organized a student police corps for the purpose of maintaining discipline in schools. This "self government association" is composed of students who are leaders in every phase of school work.

### Hawaii

#### Movies for Patients

HONOLULU—Under the auspices of Honolulu Rotarians, patients in a local hospital witnessed Marie Dressler's picture, "Tug Boat Annie."

### Guatemala

#### Gymnasium

QUEZALTENANGO—In cooperation with government authorities, a gymnasium was recently dedicated to Quezaltenango boys by the Rotary club of this city.

### Chile

#### Exchange Students

ARICA—Rotarians of Arica are enthusiastic over the results of their exchange of students with the Rotary Club of La Paz, Bolivia.

#### Underprivileged Children

COPIAPO—Under the auspices of the Copiapó Rotary Club, a society has been organized to care for delinquent and homeless boys and girls.

### Belgium

#### Aid Feeble Minded

TIRLEMONT—The sum of 5,000 francs has been presented to a home for feeble minded children by members of the Tirlemont Rotary Club.

### Czechoslovakia

#### Stop Diphtheria Epidemic

ČESKÝ TESÍN—A diphtheria epidemic, which had been spreading rapidly, has been halted through the work of Rotarian physicians in vaccinating 1,031 school children. Funds were supplied by the Rotary club.

### New Zealand

#### Send Boys to Camp

CHRISTCHURCH—Thirty boys whose parents were unable to provide them with a vacation, were sent recently to a Y. M. C. A. camp for a week's stay, by Christchurch Rotarians. The Rotary club also pays the yearly membership fees in the Y. M. C. A. for these youths, and maintains a friendly interest in their problems.

### Brazil

#### Fishery Institute

SANTOS—Through the efforts of Santos Rotarians there has just been created an Institute of Marine Fishery to be housed in the old school for mariners. The Rotary club believes this institute will be of inestimable benefit to the fishermen and their sons in that region.

### Romania

#### Build Mountain Shelter

TIMISOARA—For the use of tourists in this region, the Rotary Club of Timisoara recently took the initiative in constructing a hostel on Little Mount. The structure has room for 36 persons, and is equipped for occupancy in all seasons; in summer it will be used by hikers, and in winter, by skiers.

### Federated Malay States

#### Boys Help Police

IPOH—Homeless boys are being cared for by Ipoh Rotarians in an empty store building. Some of these boys are placed in uniform and are given minor police duties to keep them occupied.

### India

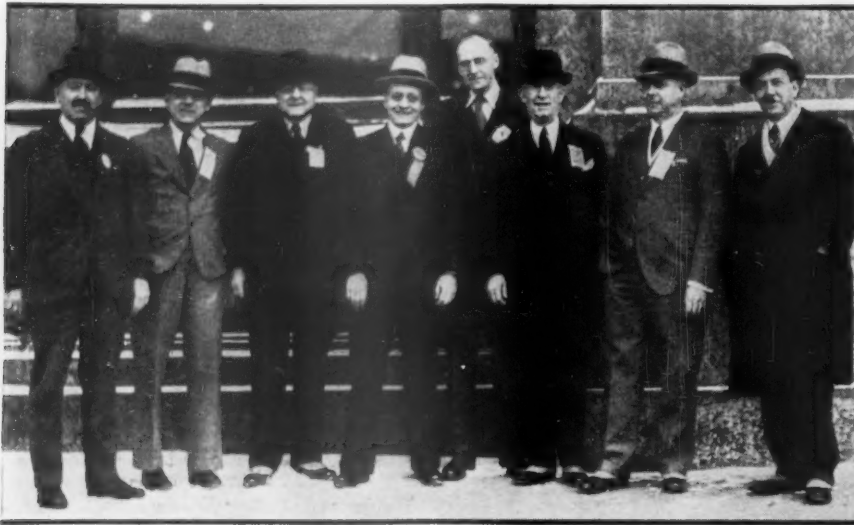
#### For Censorship

CALCUTTA—Under the direction of its public affairs committee, the Rotary Club of Calcutta has been carrying on a vigorous campaign to counteract the undesirable influence of certain cinema films, posters, and advertisements.

### Union of South Africa

#### Entertain Old Men

PIETERMARITZBURG—Members of the Pietermaritzburg Rotary Club recently took members of the local Old Men's Home for a long automobile drive. This was followed by a banquet and a program of reminiscences in their honor.



Children of Vine Street Orphanage in Chattanooga, Tenn., got their share of the birthday cake (right) made for the Chattanooga Rotary Club in celebration of Rotary's twenty-ninth anniversary, for it was presented to W. B. Schwartz, first president of the club, who in turn gave it to the orphanage. The admirers (left to right): Rotarians Robert King, William Barr, H. P. Erskine (who prepared the cake), and Lindsay Jackson.

International fellowship meetings have become legend with the Rotary Club of Winnipeg, Canada. This year's, the tenth, was a high water mark. Nine Rotarians were presented with a jewel of merit, for having attended five of these annual gatherings. Eight of the "charter members" present were (left to right, at left): J. H. Schumacher\*, Winnipeg; Dr. H. J. Thornby\*, Moorhead, Minn.; John Sam Clapper, president, Rotary Club of Minneapolis; R. A. Sara, president, Winnipeg Rotary Club; Harry Tate\*, Kenora, Ont.; Harry Yeager\* and Lyn Green\*, Minneapolis; G. E. Hunter, past president, Winnipeg.

\*Received jewel of merit. Others decorated: Eddie Conant, Minneapolis; Jack Lamb, Moorhead; Dr. John Matheson, Brandon, Minn.; Theodore Torgeson, Estavan, Sask., Canada, past governor, and past international director.



Photo: The Chattanooga News.

## Austria

### Relief for Villages

LINZ—Impoverished communities in the neighborhood of Linz are being aided by Linz Rotarians who transport and distribute books, food, fuel, and clothing among the suffering inhabitants.

## Straits Settlements

### Visit Leper Colony

PENANG—Leper Boy Scouts paraded and the Leper Eurasian band gave a special performance, when Penang Rotarians recently paid a ceremonial visit to the colony. Following the visit, it was decided to send a regular supply of books and gramophone records to the settlement.

## Spain

### Money Goes Far

LOGROÑO—Rotarians of Logroño, hearing that all of the funds they had allotted for Youth Week had not been expended, distributed the remaining money to a food dispensary, to an organization giving free school lunches, and to the local Red Cross unit.

## Australia

### Jobs for 400 Boys

FREMANTLE, W. A.—Rotarians of Fremantle, and Perth also, are taking an active interest in the movement to find work for youths. Of the 2,600 lads placed in positions by the League for Youth Employment, 400 were aided by Fremantle Rotarians.

## Bolivia

### Homes for Chaco Orphans

LA PAZ—The Rotary Club of La Paz has been authorized to establish a National Foundation for War Orphans—children who lost their fathers in the Chaco conflict. Children from six

months to six years are to be placed in separate quarters, as are children from seven to twelve, and those from twelve to eighteen. One section of the home will be devoted to the education of the children, and to instructing them in crafts which will qualify them for a livelihood.

## Bermuda

### Hosts to Mainlanders

HAMILTON—Members of the Hamilton Rotary Club not only royally entertained their district governor (Charles Reeve Vanneman) on his official visit recently, but were also hosts to a group of Rotarians from New York State who accompanied him to this pleasant resort.

## Japan

### Clothing for Policemen

KEIJO—Policemen on rigorous guard duty have been supplied with warm, woolen clothing by members of the Keijo Rotary Club.

## Argentina

### Architectural Prize

ROSARIO—To encourage the construction of more artistic edifices, the Rotary Club of Rosario is awarding a prize annually to that architect who is responsible for the most artistic building erected during the year.

## England

### For Unemployed Fishermen

SUNDERLAND—Three engine-equipped ship's lifeboats have been provided by Sunderland Rotarians for the free use of unemployed fishermen who distribute their catches among others of the city who are without work.

### Spending Makes Jobs

LEICESTER—In trade circles in Leicester, it is officially agreed that the Leicester Rotary Club's spending-for-employment campaign is largely responsible for the increase of 2,060 workers over the same period of last year.

### Learn of League

WEDNESBURY—Under the auspices of its International Service Committee, the Wednesbury Rotary Club suggested that school authorities give children some instruction in the activities of the League of Nations. To give the children greater incentive for thorough study, prizes were offered for the four best essays prepared on the League.

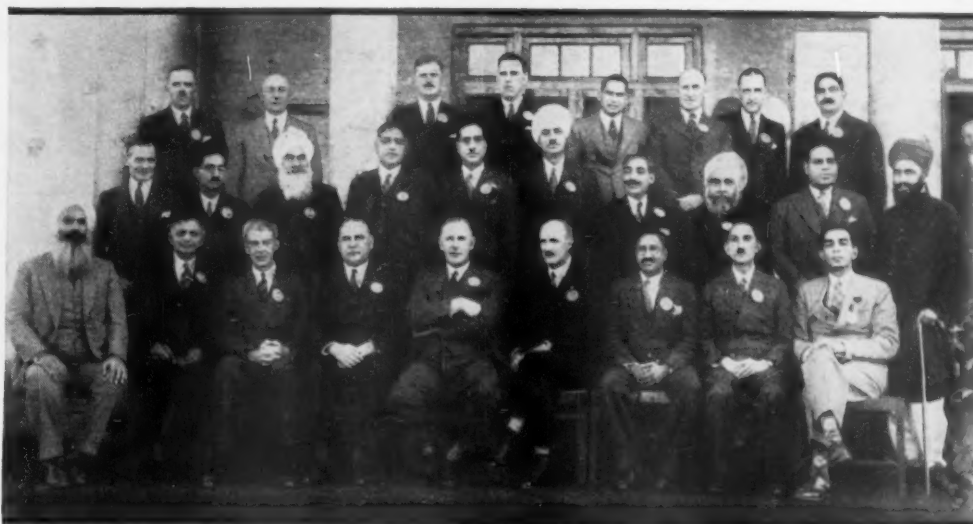
## Siam

### Assist Lepers

BANGKOK—Financial aid and food supplies are being donated regularly to a nearby leper colony by Rotarians of Bangkok.



*In India, Rotarians of Lahore recently joined with those of Amritsar to celebrate the first anniversary of the charter presentation to the Rotary club of Amritsar of which Sir Herbert W. Emerson, governor of Punjab (center, front row), is an active member.*



## International

### Celebrate Anniversary

Over 200 Rotarians from six West Texas cities were the guests of Sweetwater (Texas) Rotarians recently at a meeting in observance of Rotary's 29th Anniversary. A special edition of the *Sweetwater Reporter* was published in which all space was devoted to Rotary topics, including a history of Rotary, news about the Detroit Convention, the accomplishments of Rotary, and a history of the Sweetwater Rotary Club.

Omaha, Nebraska, Rotarians celebrated Rotary's Anniversary by holding a ladies' night meeting. A large number of prizes, products handled by various Rotarians, were distributed.

All former Rotarians residing in the city were invited by Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada, Rotarians to assist in the observance of the anniversary of Rotary. Vocational service talks formed the major part of the program.

### In Memory of King Albert

San Francisco Rotarians recall with fondest memory an address which the late King Albert of Belgium, an honorary Rotarian, delivered before their club during a visit to the United States in 1919. On February 20, therefore, the San Francisco Rotary Club at its weekly meeting, paused to pay tribute to King Albert's memory.

Following the news of King Albert's tragic death, Sioux City, Iowa, Rotarians dispatched a telegram to the Belgian ambassador at Washington expressing their sympathy. This action was taken at the request of a Sioux City Rotarian who had the pleasure of a visit with King Albert at the time of the Ostende Convention of Rotary International.

At Hammond, Louisiana, a eulogy on King

Albert was delivered before the Rotary club, and a resolution adopted expressing the club's deep sorrow.

Numerous European Rotary clubs, notably in Belgium, paid tribute to King Albert. At Liège, Belgium, President Jule Dumont delivered a formal and impressive memorial address in which he called attention to the part King Albert had played in the development of Rotary in the 61st District, of which he had been given the title, "Honorary Governor." Belgian Rotary clubs addressed special messages of condolence to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.

## Canada

### Wrestling, Boxing Tourney

REGINA—A wrestling and boxing tournament was recently arranged between Regina and a neighboring city by members of the local Rotary club in connection with their winter activities for the unemployed.

### 20,000 Miles for Two

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—A major activity of the Woodstock Rotary Club for many years has been its work among crippled children. More than a hundred have been given treatment, and in many cases they have been completely cured, due in part to the efforts of Woodstock Rotarians. One boy, for example, was brought to the hospital in

Toronto 52 times, involving a round trip of 180 miles on each occasion; another youth, from a nearby town was taken to Toronto 54 times—a 200-mile round trip. On these two cases Woodstock Rotarians totalled more than 20,000 miles.

### Escort President Nelson

TORONTO, ONT.—Thirty-five members of the Montreal Rotary Club accompanied President John Nelson recently on his official visit to Toronto. This round trip, which involved a journey of 668 miles, was a return visit for the recent meeting with Toronto Rotarians in Montreal.

## Poland

### Clothes for Poor Boys

WARSAW—Warm clothes are being provided for Warsaw poor boys by members of the local Rotary club. Rotarians here are also encouraging careful planning of suburbs and small settlements around Warsaw.

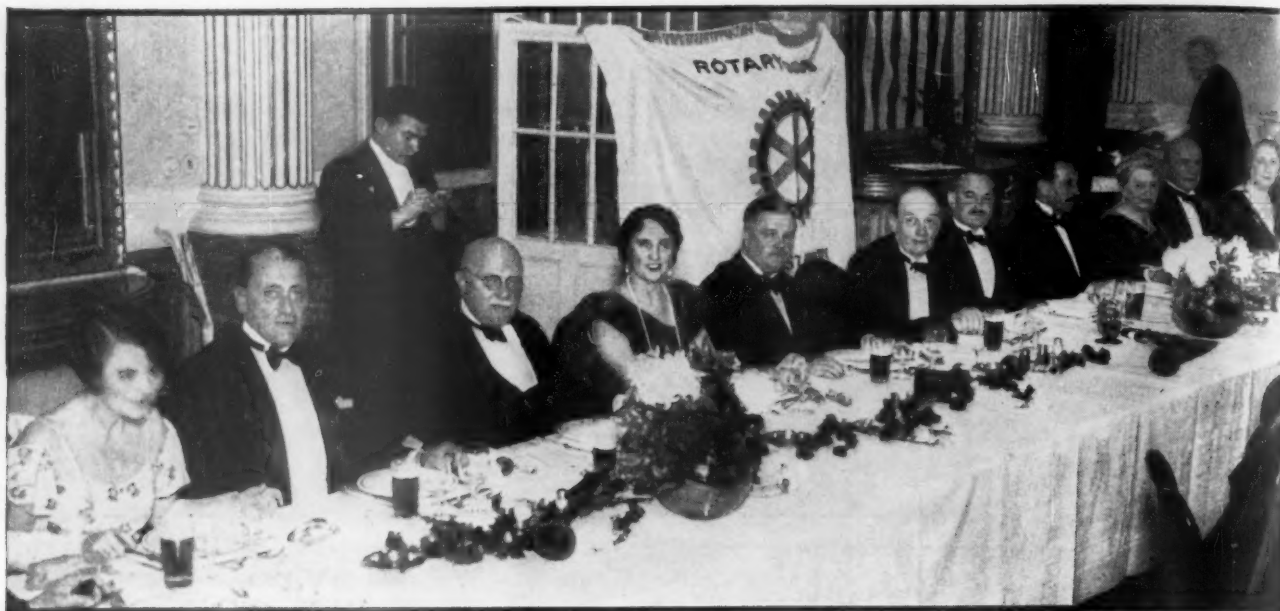
## United States of America

### Show Graphic Arts

SAINT LOUIS, MO.—Sixteen members of the St. Louis Rotary Club, all representing some branch of graphic arts in their city, recently held a successful exhibit and program for fellow Rotarians, under the auspices of the club's Vocational Service Committee. Attractive pamphlets and other souvenirs were distributed, and in a special issue of *The Pepper Box*, each of the sixteen men gave a brief history of his vocation—typography, book binding, printing, etc. Gordon C. Hall, president of the St. Louis Graphic Arts Council, in an address before the club, explained the relationship of various businesses to the graphic arts.

*Charleroi, Belgium, Rotarians played host to the Rotarians from Lille, France, at a recent inter-city, inter-country meeting. Rotarians from Brussels, Ghent, Ostende, and Tirlemont (Belgium) attended the meeting.*





Photos Stemmer, Budapest.

Twenty-three Viennese Rotarians and their wives recently paid a visit to the Rotary Club of Budapest, Hungary. At the president's table: Charles Sacher, president of the Rotary Club Baden bei Wien, Austria (second from left); Hanns Sobotka, president of the Rotary Club of Vienna (fourth from right); Dr. Otto Böhler, member of Rotary's European Advisory committee since 1930 (chairman, 1932-33), past vice-president of Rotary International and past governor of the 73rd District (second from right).

### Convention Fund

BRENHAM, TEX.—Each week, members of the Brenham Rotary Club contribute twenty-five cents apiece to a conference and convention fund. Names of those who are to enjoy the trips are drawn by lot.

### Boy Artists Compete

BERLIN, N. H.—The attractive covers which have been appearing on recent issues of *Rotary Rough Notes*, the weekly bulletin of the Berlin Rotary Club, are the work of local high school students. Twenty boys submitted designs in a contest from which ten were selected for publication. Prizes were awarded for the two outstanding drawings at a meeting at which the entire art class was present.

### School Lunches for 200

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—During the past three months, San Antonio Rotarians, with the expert assistance of the women of Rotary, have supplied school lunches for over two hundred children.

### Assist Red Cross

CHESTER, PA.—Members of the Chester Rotary Club have played an effective part in the splendid service their local Red Cross unit has rendered this past winter. One Rotarian provided the building for the Red Cross store, several Rotarians contributed furniture and fuel, while others supplied material for a thousand garments, or aided in collecting and distributing more than twelve truckloads of second-hand clothing.

### Program Charts

BUTTE, MONT.—By the use of three program charts, Butte Rotarians are able to provide well balanced programs with a minimum amount of work on the part of the program chairman. *Chart I* is a record of classified suggestions for programs, with thirty-three meetings devoted to Community, International, Vocational Service, and Aims and Objects. The balance of the meet-

ing dates are reserved for miscellaneous programs. *Chart II* then provides a week to week classified record of the meetings that have been held. *Chart III* gives a complete calendar of the meetings not coming under the divisions in *Chart I*.

### For Summer Camp

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Members of the Rochester Rotary Club recently sponsored a play, the proceeds of which will be used in carrying on their Rotary Sunshine Camp for crippled children. A motion picture film, advertising the ticket selling campaign, which was prepared by the Rochester *Democrat-Chronicle* and shown at local theatres as a part of a newsreel, was an effective contribution to the financial success of the play.

### Pay Flying Visit

PROVO, UTAH—Three plane loads of Price Rotarians recently flew to Provo to attend an inter-city meeting which the Provo Rotary Club held for the advancement of aviation.

### Testimonial

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—For more than twenty years Rotarian Joseph A. Griffin, of the Syracuse Rotary Club, labored to make possible the development of a boulevard and park around Onondaga Lake. The project is now nearing completion. In recognition of his devotion to this task, Syracuse Rotarians recently dedicated a program to Joseph Griffin, and displayed a bronze tablet calling attention to his efforts, to be placed at the entrance of a playground in the parkway.

### 18 Years Old

LAFAYETTE, IND.—Lafayette Rotarians, commemorating the twenty-ninth birthday of Rotary International, simultaneously celebrated their eighteenth birthday. Part of the program was devoted to honoring past presidents of the club, and in bidding cordial welcome to twenty-six former Rotarians who were present. In a brief history of the Rotary club, distributed to all those

present, there also appeared a review of some of the club's main interests. These include a thriving 4-H Corn Club, a yearly Easter Egg Hunt for hundreds of children, a club for underprivileged boys, and the establishment and maintenance of an attractive park.

### Scouts Plant Trees

INDIANA, PA.—Boy Scouts of this community were exceedingly busy last month planting a thousand trees supplied them by the Indiana Rotary Club. This is the first step in a tree-planting campaign which Indiana Rotarians plan to carry on from year to year.

### Sponsor Hobby Contest

WEBSTER CITY, IA.—To encourage the constructive use of leisure time, Webster City Rotarians are holding a contest each month devoted to some specific hobby. Prizes are given for the two best entries or exhibits in a particular field.

### Recreation for Young Unemployed

SEATTLE, WASH.—Unemployed youths in Seattle are this winter being provided with a fine recreational program by the Seattle Rotary Club. A Rotary music committee is sponsoring a glee club and orchestra and individual Rotarians are contributing a series of evening addresses on subjects ranging from Japan and the NRA, to sport talks. A very successful combat carnival, attended by 250 young men, was a recent program feature.

### School Boys and Rotary

KENOSHA, WIS.—Kenosha high school boys nominate one of their number to attend meetings of the Rotary club during each school month. This high school representative also attends meetings of the board of directors in order that he may gain a comprehensive idea of the activities of the Kenosha Rotary Club. Those youths who have attended meetings in this way are organized and hold regular meetings in order to continue their interest in Rotary.

## My Daughter and I

[Continued from page 28]

Twinkle will have to have the truth—not necessarily the brutal truth, but the truth as delicately as I can phrase it. I know that some time I shall need courage. I hope I do not fail.

Possibly I exaggerate the importance of it, but I feel intensely that it is important that a girl should have the knowledge of life she needs from her own parents. I may be told that she will "find these things out for herself," that "nowadays no one can be ignorant if they read," that it is unwise "to put ideas into their heads."

But I don't want my daughter to find some things out for herself. I want her to grow into a young woman who will be able to look life clearly and fearlessly in the face, with valuations that are true. I don't want her to have to poke about in rubbish heaps or emerge from surreptitious conversations with companions who know a little more than she: for that way prurience is born and false values grow. Nor do I want her to remain wrapped in cotton, for I know the dangers when, inevitably, that cotton has to be removed.

The trouble is that few mothers tell their daughters anything. Even with the deepest affection between mother and daughter, a shyness, which creates reserve, can intervene. Women can usually discuss intimate affairs with each other more easily than men do, but, as a rule, they can speak more frankly—with all their armor off—to a man upon whose sympathy and understanding they can count. That is why I think that perhaps it is easier for a father to speak to his daughter of these things. I say easier though I do not anticipate that it will be easy at all. Yet I feel convinced that it can be done—gradually, simply, frankly, in answer to those inevitable questions which must never be stayed or shirked.

"Must we in all things ask the how and the why and the wherefore?" wrote Longfellow. The answer is that it is better to ask than to wonder and suspect. For, after all, why should we shroud in mystery the salient facts of life, or talk in symbols of storks and gooseberry bushes to unsubtle minds which accept symbols as literal facts . . . until they realize they have been deceived? What is known as a "sheltered life" is all very well, but there comes a time when you can wait no longer in your shelter: you've got to get out and face the rain. I like to hope that, if I

don't fail that daughter of mine, she will go out into the storms of life with adequate protection.

It can be done, but only if Little Twinkle and I maintain that sense of perfect companionship that is between us now. There must be no losing touch, for that means the breaking of candor and mutual understanding. That breach comes often, I think, when children are sent away to school and meet their parents only during holidays. Once made, it does but widen.

I hope Little Twinkle will always be frank. More than anything else I want her to be truthful always and never to break a promise that has once been made. Stanley said that the hardest thing in the world was to find a man who could keep a promise, but Twinkle knows now that if I make a promise to her she can rely on its being kept: and (for my sins) I have spent more than one precious hour ransacking shops for a toy I had promised to bring her, thinking it would be easier to find than it turned out to be.

It has never been difficult for me to enter into Twinkle's enthusiasms and to play her games. I hope I shall always be able to remain upon her plane. The expression "playing with children" suggests patronage and to patronize anyone is to build a barrier. But Twinkle and I just play together, and I enjoy it just as much as she does. I have no sense of keeping her amused and it has always been easy for me to "make believe." Men, I think, do this sort of thing more naturally than women, for men remain children while women grow up.

**L**OOK at any seaside beach in the summer and you will see what I mean: Daddy is making sand castles or paddling with the children, while Mother knits a jumper or reads a book. Yes, I know, Mother may devote the day to feeding them, dressing them, and putting them to bed. Nevertheless, I say it takes a man to be a grown-up playmate for a child.

I want very badly to be Little Twinkle's playmate always. The heavy father rôle is not one that appeals to me, and I had just as soon that she called me by my Christian name. Nor do I ever intend to rub-in to Twinkle what she owes to me: since I am in her debt far more deeply than she will ever be in mine. If Twinkle follows my road it shall be because she loves me, not because of her duty to her parent: a phrase

which I regard as just so much clap-trap.

And if I outrage the feelings of some fathers by saying that, let me remind them that it is not so modern a conviction as it may sound. Did not Swift write of the Lilliputians: "They will never allow a Child is under any obligation to his Father for begetting him, or his Mother for bringing him into the World; which, considering the Miseries of Human Life, was neither a Benefit in itself, or intended so by his Parents, whose Thoughts in their Love encounters were otherwise employed." Swift always put things a little strongly, but although he was never a father, so far as I know, I can't help feeling he ought to have been.

I want her to be able to talk easily to people (if I can save her from shyness she will indeed owe me a little) but not too easily. I want her to love animals and flowers—having been brought up with both she does that already—and to know about them, so that wherever she goes in the world, if she has a smattering of botany and natural history, she will always find interest in the countryside.

Then I want her to be sympathetic to those less fortunate than herself. That is why every summer I shall give her some money to go to the post office and buy a money order to send to some institution for providing country holidays for children, and periodically encourage her to clear out her toy cupboard and give some of the contents away.

These are some of the things I want Twinkle to be, some of the things I want to be to her. I'm an idealist, you say? Well, perhaps I am. But if you can't have ideals about your own daughter, what on earth can you have ideals about?

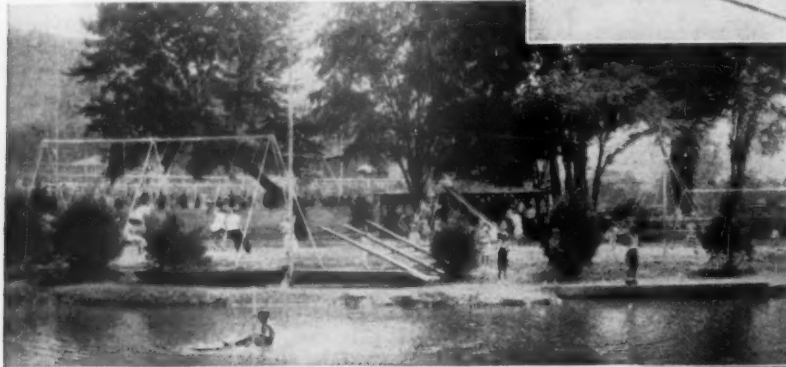
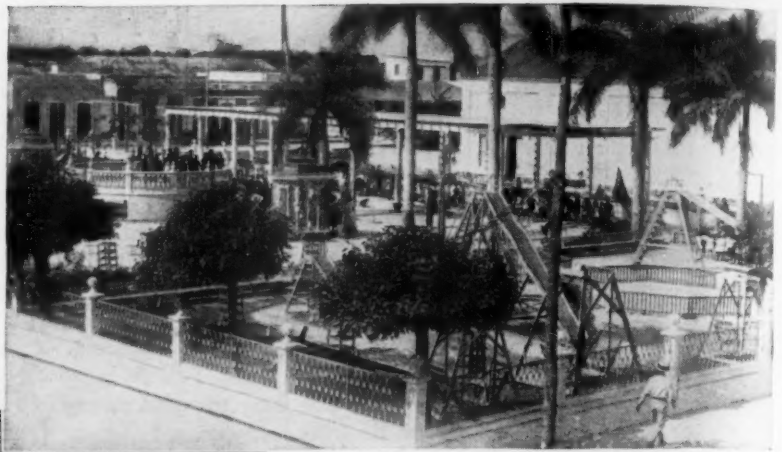
Or perhaps I am just a doting parent? Well, if it is doting to love a small bud of humanity, to glory in watching its petals unfolding to the world, then indeed I dote! Anyhow, I know very well there's no danger of making Little Twinkle a prig, a goody-goody or a superior person.

That temper of hers is tempestuous enough to keep her human. But, as I am responsible for her environment and partly for her heredity, I want to help her over her fences until she has learned to get over them for herself. No more than that. I shall try not to fail her. If I *do* fail, it will not be through any lack of knowledge or understanding of what she needs or of what I ought to do, but through just the sheer, cursed pigheadedness of man.



*A campaign sponsored by the Rotary Club of Caibarien, Cuba, made possible this modern playground (right) for boys and girls.*

*Though the Rotary Club at Port Allegany, Pa., has but twenty-eight members, it has fathered—which means paying for!—the remarkably complete, 7-acre, \$32,000 play-field with swimming pool.*



*Intelligent interest in children might be described as a touch that makes kin of Rotarians around the world—but especially in Canada. The well-patronized swimming pool (below) is a gift to the cause of healthier childhood from the Rotary Club of Oshawa, Ontario.*



## All Children Must Play

**'MUST'** is the correct word—if you believe healthy childhood of today is conducive to good citizenship tomorrow . . . Youth Week (April 28 — May 5) is a reminder that many Rotary clubs the world over have long concerned themselves with making sure that boys and girls of their communities have opportunities for recreation.

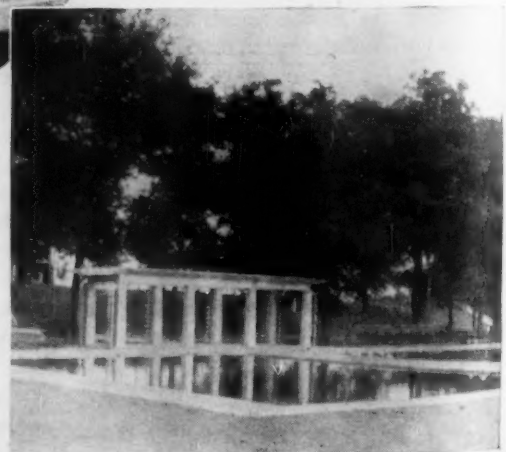


*Rotarians at Oklahoma City, Okla., are unanimously agreed that no investment yields richer returns than investments in children—hence the beautiful, \$47,000 Rotary Park, presented, as the marble entrance (left) records, "to the boys and girls of this city . . ."*



*Oklahoma City mothers need not worry while their tots are using this wading pool (left).*

*And here it is again at a rare moment—in repose. The bottom slopes from ankle depth to a six year old's waist.*



## Past President's Page

### Confessions of a Rotary Politician

#### By Russell F. Greiner

*President, Rotary International, 1913-14*

**E**CHOES — one day last week the clamor of battles of long ago echoed across my desk in the form of a letter from an old Rotary friend.

"What has happened to politics in Rotary?" he wanted to know. "And what has happened to you, Russ? We hear of duties and services, deeds, accomplishments, agendas and conspectus, plenary sessions and enactments; but where is the old time wire pulling? Where is the skillful manipulation; the pointings with alarm and visionings with pride; the penny-dreadful personalities that used to lead up to the final knock-downs and drag-outs at the annual elections?"

"For a time, Russ, I used to go to conventions serenely certain that I would see you in action. But, apparently, you have faded out and are now just a stodgy business man talking platitudes about ethics and world fellowship——." The letter is signed "Sam."

Ho-hum. What a frank relationship is friendship. And it so happens that this letter was from one of the cleverest politicians Rotary ever developed—the only man who was ever elected a director without being at the convention.

Let me say this to my old friend, "Sam, old quidnunc, you should know that you are talking like the elderly persons who say the winters are warmer than they used to be. Some winters are warm and others are cold, in Rotary and elsewhere.

"You and I are partners in crime in opposing the ancient hokum of 'let the office seek the man.' We know the office never seeks the man unless a lot of people get together to elect him; and, after all, that is all there is to politics. Let's be honest about it. Yes, Sam, we are both growing old but who is ever too old for a good back-stage fight at a Rotary convention? We may yet see more hard winters."

In the meantime, I am taking advantage of the excuse to turn loose a few of the echoes from the explosions behind the stage of conventions—a very few and, because of lack of space, much too briefly. In twenty-three years in Rotary, I have missed only four conventions and have actively participated in thirteen contested campaigns—enough intrigue to fill a thick book.

Let's start with my vivid impressions

of that Buffalo convention of 1913, the year I was elected President. The delegates crowded into a hall at East Aurora, guests of Elbert Hubbard, gazing at the picturesque figure of a man speaking from the raised platform. In the full glory of stage lighting effects and background stood Elbert Hubbard. With the light glistening on his great mane of hair, he looked like a bronze statue. And from his lips came the name of "Russ" Greiner.

No, it was no surprise to me. I knew my friends, who were also friends of Hubbard's, had arranged to have him eulogize me. But I didn't realize a man who had never seen me could speak with such eloquence of my virtues. Yes, it was effective—and it was politics.

My friends left nothing to chance. Lest the delegates forget my name, they had me paged day and night in every hotel housing delegates. No man was ever entirely out of ear shot of the bell boys' fog-horn voices, "Paging Mr. Greiner."

And then the climax. The news of the convention that year was the British delegation, the first to attend an International Rotary convention. Outstanding among the British was that dominating personality, Charley Dewey, president of a London Insurance Company. We called him "Admiral" Dewey. Who should rise in the convention to nominate me but Dewey. He was greeted with cheers before he said a word. And then he launched out on a marvelous speech. Naturally, we had cultivated his friendship from the first day we arrived in Buffalo.

**S**AN FRANCISCO—1915. I mention that convention because it was there I learned two things. The first was the fact that the old political saying about letting the office seek the man can be used to good political purpose. And the other was the danger of impromptu speeches.

We arrived in San Francisco all on fire to put over our candidate, Arch Klumph, of Cleveland. We had traded favors and made friends for Klumph for weeks preceding the convention. But the minute I walked into his hotel room, I realized the jig was up. The boys on the other side had convinced him it wasn't ethical to seek the office and he refused to run. It took us a year to revise his code of ethics.



Photo: Harris & Ewing.

*He turns loose a few old echoes.*

Ernest Skeel, of Seattle, an outstanding man who had written Rotary's platform of principles, finally permitted us to enter his name. At a great banquet in the Palace Hotel with two thousand people at the tables, Skeel's name was nominated in a speech that was a classic.

Then up came Skeel, looking around modestly and prepared to speak extemporaneously. With his modesty, he gave out the impression he was refusing the nomination and we had to withdraw his name. We went through with Allen Albert, who was elected.

**W**E were always learning something new. The Salt Lake City convention in 1919 was full of dynamite, although most of the delegates went serenely to the vote thinking Bert Adams, of Atlanta, had been uncontested from the start.

We learned better the day of the opening session, when the best place on the program was given to John Dyer, of Indiana, an impressive looking fellow with a flow of oratory. His address was a hit and as we left the session, we found at every door men passing out printed copies of Dyer's speech. He was a formidable candidate. There was a hurried conference with Dyer's backers. "You can't win," we told them. "Take the vice-presidency."

And they did accept the vice-presidency without ever knowing how scared we were. In that case, I didn't consider bluffing dishonest.

That was the fore-runner of the great fight at Atlantic City in 1920, the year our candidate, Frank Harris, was ill in bed at his hotel. Harris was from Illinois, an eminently qualified man who had been offered a cabinet position by President Theodore Roosevelt. Because of his illness, I advised him to withdraw.

The incident is one of the regrets of my

life. Frank refused to withdraw. Until he died a few months later, he thought I had "double-crossed" him. Many times I have left conventions with my friends denouncing me, but in other cases they have lived to understand the situation.

For several years before the Los Angeles convention in 1922, the Kansas City club had been grooming my old friend, Ray Havens. We had seen him elected sergeant-at-arms and vice president, by men whose support would elect him president.

In the Union Station at Kansas City that year, we met a special train of delegates on their way to the convention. Our wide-open grins were all set for their cheers; but, we were met by grim silence.

"We can't promise our support now," said a friend and a leader from the south. "See us in Los Angeles."

It was a problem of sitting tight. We knew they were in with us too deep to crawl out, and at the end they gave their vote to Ray.

I well remember that convention for its proof that you can never count a vote until it's voted. A close friend of mine said we were certain of the vote of the whole British delegation. "Just forget them, Russ," he said. "It's in the bag."

But the Britishers found a countryman in Coppock, of Iowa. Naturally, as long as they were not actually pledged to us, the British vote went to Coppock.

**F**OR plain nerve-wrecking elections, I nominate the Chicago convention of 1930. It started gloriously with our candidate, Almon E. Roth, of Palo Alto, Calif., a strong favorite. Highly educated, young, good-looking, and popular, he was born to be a candidate. But just as we had things under way in Chicago, he was called home due to an accident to his son.

There we were, chasing through Chicago hotels in search of delegates while our candidate was two thousand miles away, and no certainty that he would return in time for the vote. It was enough to give a politician nervous indigestion.

And then came that wonderful telegram—"On my way back to Chicago," signed "Al." In the largest ballot ever cast at a Rotary convention, 3335, Roth was an easy victor.

And so it has gone from year to year, with plenty of trouble and plenty of gratifications. I am happy in the thought that I have never been on a loser. If I have come out of my experiences with a maxim, it is this—"No man ever went anywhere in Rotary politics unless he was honest, both with his own crowd and his opponents." Whenever I have been against a man he has known it from the start.

## The Dome of the Capitol

By Samuel B. Pettengill, M. C.

Architecture is frozen music.

—Goethe.

**I** HAVE not yet found the cadence  
Of the song of the Capitol's Dome.

*It is a long slow measure;  
The swing of the decades is in it  
And its beat is the timing of generations.*

*It is a long slow cadence  
That poets have not found.*

*And I know they never shall find it,  
They shall not travel far enough  
They shall not live long enough  
To come to the end of that measure.*

*It is somewhere beyond the gamut of voices,*

*Beyond the notation of music,  
Beyond the octameter's roll.*

*The patience of Lincoln is in it,  
The gravity of judges deciding great causes,*

*The thunder of Webster is in it  
Speaking to senates,  
And the wisdom of Washington  
Speaking to nations.*

*It is a long slow measure,  
Slow as the plodding feet of oxen  
As they bend their great shoulders  
To the weight and the freight  
Of covered wagons moving westward  
Toward the setting of the sun.*

*The Atlantic, the Pacific  
Are in it,  
Deep calling to deep.*

*The Rockies are in it  
Echoing gravely and surely  
Over measureless prairies  
The Alleghenies' antiphonal chorus.*

*The rhythm of paddles is in it,  
Paddling canoes*

*Up the St. Joseph,  
Down the Ohio,  
Up the Missouri,*

*The long strong sweep of the paddles of pioneer men—*

*The tempo of axe-strokes is in it  
Cutting rafters for cabins,  
And firewood for hearthstones,  
And rockers for cradles,  
The axe making room for the plow,  
The axes of pioneer men.*

*It is a long slow cadence,  
Slow as seedtime and a lingering harvest,  
Slow as the growing of oak trees,  
Slow as the movement of centuries.  
Sometimes it seems like the soft lullaby  
Of a mother as her babe falls asleep.*



*Sometimes I hear in it  
The roll of the Oregon,  
The roar of Niagara,  
The winds of the Yukon,  
The hush of the forests,  
The silence of stars,  
The taciturn march of the stars.*

*And again it brings to my ears  
The long overtones of the past  
Echoing far into the future,*

*—When in the course of human events—*

*—We, the people of the United States—*

*—The Union, it must and shall be preserved—*

*—A just and lasting peace among ourselves*

*—And with all nations—*

*—Nor take from the mouth of labor*

*—The bread that it has earned—*

*Words—*

*Sharper than swords,  
Greater than greed,  
Words for the writing of judgments,  
Words for the healing of nations  
Forged on the anvil of God.*

*And when I hear all these voices,  
This multitudinous music  
Of acorns and oak trees,  
Of lovers and roof trees,  
Of millions of women and men  
Joining the centuries' chorus,  
I know that the voice of each singer  
Will some time stop singing,  
But that song with a measureless measure  
Will go on—*

*On past spring time and seed time,  
On past war time and peace time,  
On with a swelling crescendo,  
On to a grand diapason,  
On—*

*I know that song will go on.*

*—DEDICATED TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.*



## Birth Control for Ideas? Yes

[Continued from page 7]

that production and consumption get so widely out of hand under unregulated individual enthusiasm, that we have to introduce some element of central control and planning, how much more, it is said, should such planning be applied when completely new disturbing elements are introduced.

Is it wise, for example, to allow the whole existing capital and skill built up for the benefit of the community in a great system of railroads, to be put under sudden and final jeopardy by the introduction of the internal combustion engine, without check or control? Is it wise to allow the new power of flight, with its very small gains to the economic standard of life of the average man, to throw new burdens upon him as a taxpayer, and to create new international problems, for the settlement of which no machinery exists, without some effort to forecast effects and control them in advance?

**W**HETHER the particular discovery is the invention of a new amenity, such as the radio, or a new way of making old commodities, such as a boot machine, or a new discovery affecting food values, such as vitamins, they all create disturbances affecting existing capital and skill. Has the community any responsibility to relieve these misfortunes? If so, may not prevention be better than relief?

Now none of us ought to think such disturbances wholly evil, and we should regard them as an inevitable feature of progress, but is there not an optimum speed at which they can be absorbed to the general advantage?

In general, two physical limits have been set up by nature, which bear closely upon this problem: one is the normal wearing life of a machine in a physical sense, and the other the normal working life of a human being. We will take the second first. After a preliminary education, we spend a great deal of time and money to make a man skilled for a particular occupation. If he is not able to put that skill to use for a reasonable length of time, but has to go through another initial process of education, there is great wastage and personal hardship. If he can complete his working life effectively in that occupation, so much the better, and if the social necessity for the skill displayed in that occupation ultimately disappears through invention, the desirability of the son not following his father's footsteps in a dwindling occupation, is obvious.

Immediately, therefore, change of demand or method comes more rapidly than can be accommodated by natural attrition through normal retirements, and redirecting the flow of new labor and education in the rising generation to new points—directly, that is, change becomes so rapid that men become permanently unemployed, or are compelled to change the main direction of their energies within their lifetime—then we get, under present conditions, social dislocation and hardship.

By analogy, if capital is invested in a machine which will not wear out for fifteen years, then, when it comes to be renewed, we can incorporate into its successor all the latest improvements, and the machine will have become obsolete in just about the same length of time as it is getting worn out. If, however, it is out-of-date in five years, then ten years of its good potential physical life is wasted, and a good deal of capital is unused. If the new machine affords really enormous benefits compared with the old, this should be worthwhile, but if the advantages conferred by the new machine are only marginal and slight, they do not offset capital waste, and business losses and depression are the result. A valuable ship may be made to look "obsolete" by one that is built soon after, with new gadgets which attract the passengers, but it doesn't follow this is good business for society.

Economic progress has been defined as the orderly assimilation of innovation into the standard of life of the common people. We may pay too high a price for a general rapid advance of two-thirds of the population, if it involves the distress and unemployment or impoverishment of the other one-third. It would be better for the whole front rank to advance at a speed of seven miles an hour than for a large number to go forward at ten miles an hour, while many of their colleagues fall down in the race, half kill themselves, and generally impede the orderly progress of society.

One of the most important factors in the past for adjustment to innovation, which we no longer possess, is the lessened rapidity in the growth of population due to the lower birth rate, now practically universal. When there was a constantly expanding market through an increasing number of new mouths and new bodies, there was a capacity for adjustment to an altered stream of supply, which introduced a very elastic element into society. But now that so many civ-

ilized countries are heading for a stationary population, this safety valve no longer exists, and the full force of every change in demand, through innovation, is expressed in an alteration in the demand of a certain fraction of the population and a corresponding immediate derangement of a certain fraction of supply.

The suit that is no longer wanted by Jim cannot be passed on to his younger brother, Bill; Elsie's frock is no longer cut down for Mary Ann, and the alteration this introduces into the tempo of economic change is far reaching and makes the modern problem all the more difficult. Change is more rapid and the capacity to meet it more restricted.

Thus 1,000 workers supplying a commodity to 10,000 consumers might formerly have become, on a twenty per cent increase in population, 1,200 supplying it to 12,000 consumers. If an innovation had lessened demand by sixteen per cent, the increased population would want no more than could be supplied by 1,000 workers, but no actual unemployment would result, and the additional 200 new young men would go into the innovating industries. But with a stationary population, an innovation that reduces an existing demand by sixteen per cent puts that percentage out of work until they can learn new jobs, move their homes, and, perhaps, change their nationality and become citizens of other countries!

**D**O WE too easily encourage the new babies of science to be born and left casually on the doorstep of society? It is quite true that the scientists will say that they make their contribution to the good fortune of mankind in their own field, and they cannot be responsible for the disturbances in other areas that it may set up. This may be true of the individual scientist, but what is true of everybody individually may not be true of the whole, taken together, and it must be somebody's business to coördinate what is happening and perhaps to prescribe the rate at which innovation shall be absorbed, or the freedom with which it shall be practically applied.

If we were a completely unified community under omnipotent, omniscient central direction, novelty would be introduced in such a way as to minimize the wastes of obsolescence and the pain of human disturbance. It is because society is trying to snatch the advantages of individual initiative under uncoördi-

nated conditions, that the vast new treasures of science create such a disturbing number of new problems as to provoke the question whether we are not paying too high a price for the rapidity of its progress. We are asking whether it might not be better to hasten slowly, to make no more scientific discoveries until we have absorbed those that already exist.

This is repellant to the average scientist, who thinks one cannot have too much of a good thing, or have it too fast or too often. The fact remains that we are human beings, with only a normal power of reaction to change, and we live in a society which has to have rules based on racial and tested experience, and which cannot change them at a moment's notice, nor over-ride its national boundaries and deal with vast new international complications on novel lines,

without a great deal of groaning and straining backwards and forwards in the process.

Must science ruin economic progress, or can we make the average human being, the average collection of beings in a nation, the average society, so resilient, so elastic, and so responsive that it can adapt itself far more quickly than in the past to far reaching changes? So long as men have sentiment and get attached to homes and places and skill in particular arts, and to speaking a particular tongue and working particular political organizations, so long do we set human limits to the speed of change. Yet, we do carry 'round an enormous lot of junk in eighteenth century constitutions and legal habits that we like to glorify.

Our habits of mind do respond to change, and it should be surely possible,

first, to speed up the technique of change and adaptation; and, second, to introduce some coordination into the practical application of all new and far-reaching scientific ideas; and, third, to take some more social responsibility for hardships to individuals through no fault of their own, resulting from changes which benefit society.

Instead of assuming that nothing need be done until there is an overwhelming case for it, and we are, indeed, almost too desperate to do what then needs to be done; instead of supposing that nothing serious ever really happens until it hits us—let us have as a germ of our social and scientific organizations, some group of minds that can be eventually blamed and kicked for not having looked forward and warned us, and adjusted our social organization to meet the bump.

## This Fishing Business

[Continued from page 34]

the playground which lay at our doors.

The advent of the motor car sounded the knell of the fishing of my boyhood, just as surely as it gave to us natives for a few years the means of making complete our Roman holiday of destruction. Because, when it became possible for two men, one axe, one shovel, one Model T to get within striking distance of any water that ran down hill, the days of fishing plenty were numbered for sure.

And then, when trout fishing was just a shade better than no good at all, it became one of the big businesses of Michigan.

It became one of the big businesses of Michigan because millions of acres had to have a business of some sort or dry up, economically, and blow away.

The vast areas of timber were gone; the industries which thrived on them had pulled up and moved on. Agriculture on much of that cut-over land was a tragic failure. The dwindling population writhed under increased tax burdens. Something had to be done. Just *had* to be done, if you understand.

This Great Lakes country had been summer resort territory for generations. But the summer resort thing was changing . . . highways and the motor car again. People no longer were contented to rock away delightful hours on hotel verandas. They went places, from day to day. They golfed, yes; they bridged and swam and this and that. But mostly they camped and they fished. Rendering them supplies and services for their fishing was something that many natives could do. It meant income. Income meant taxes. It meant the sustained flow of gold-red

### A Rotary Club— And This Fishing Business . . .

**I**N Northern Wisconsin is a 22-member Rotary club. Instead of aping Community Service activities of Rotary clubs in large cities, it has applied the Community Service principle to its own problems. The result is—but to tell more would be to tell the story "No Miracle at Three Lakes," which is to appear in an early issue of *The Rotarian*.

corpuscles through the veins of the community's economic life. So this Upper Country grabbed trout fishing as at a straw. But it wasn't a straw. It was a veritable ring-buoy, light and strong; a life-saver.

Now, when I say trout fishing, I mean more than that. I'll take in all the kinds of fishing in the region: bass and pike, blue-gill and musky, and Mackinaw and perch fishing.

And when I say Michigan, I mean more than Michigan. I mean Wisconsin and Minnesota and the grand province of Ontario. The states all had their cut-over land problem in an acute stage, and Ontario could see it coming.

But when I say that fishing is a business, I mean just that. When I caught my first and last grayling, fishing was something for kids mostly, and for their dads when they could get away. It was just

something to do. Fun; and a luxury for the table. But nothing more.

However, when the out-door recreational industry is rated as second only to Detroit's automotive institutions when Michigan is listing its assets; and when the annual tourist traffic turn-over for Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin is estimated by an agency like the United States Forest Service as worth \$750,000,000.00 . . . Why, then fishing *is* a business and no mistake, because eight out of every ten inquiries to the tourist agencies of those states indicate that the vacationist will go, not where mama and the girls listeth, but, b' George, where there's fishing of sorts to be had!

In the good-and-bad old days of stream plundering, we thought we had an eye to the future. Didn't we have size and creel limits? Didn't we have state-owned hatcheries raising millions of fry each year? Didn't our laws forbid the taking of game fishes during their spawning seasons? Or thereabouts, anyhow?

To be sure, those factors were in the picture. In a way. We had size and creel limits and the spirit of pioneers which resented any curbing of our impulse to take what was at hand, and one warden for every six or eight counties to make us abide by them. The limits, I mean. And we had any number of hatcheries built on locations mostly selected by statesmen with a yen for monuments and the ability to hornswoggle the commonwealth into making an investment on the chance that it might, possibly, perhaps, somehow help fishing which sure was getting poorly. And our laws, in a manner, did try to protect the various game fishes when na-

ture was taking her reproductive courses, but what was then known about such functions would scarcely irritate an eye, were it introduced *en masse*.

The span of time betwixt that era when fishing was just something to do and this one, when it's a major business enterprise, is small. But the changes which have come in the technique of keeping fishing good are so many, so amazing, so rapid in sequence, that one wearies, at intervals, of trying to keep up-to-date.

**H**ATCHERY after hatchery, built under the old order and without a decent consideration of the avowed objectives of such facilities, has been abandoned in recent years. The actual artificial propagation is being centralized in those plants where competent investigation forecasts a goodly chance of success. Rearing ponds, where fry are raised to a size which apparently insures an ability to make it alone when liberated, now dot the land. Transportation methods have been evolved which for speed, economy, and security of the fish on their final travels are amazing.

And last of all, but most important of any, the absurd idea that a good, practical old-timer who liked the out-doors and "spoke a fish's language" was the type needed as an executive in this business of maintaining good fishing has gone into the limbo.

Today, it's the man with years of laboratory experience behind him who trustees our hope of fishing futurity. The doctor's degree, the microscope, the scientific approach; these are perhaps the three first requisites for a hatchery organization.

And the new method starts only with propagation. It looks ahead to what conditions will greet the product of hatchery and rearing pond. It studies streams and lakes to determine the chemical content of the water, to measure the amount of natural food available, the extent of spawning grounds, of hiding places for young fish, once they are naturally hatched. They're using commercial fertilizer in lakes to promote aquatic growth; they're building artificial spawning beds; they're changing currents and terracing sand slides on bank or shore. They're going at this matter of producing a crop of legal-size game fish every year just as your master farmers go at the chore of raising potatoes or tobacco or what-not. It's a business; an engineered enterprise.

But the tourist-Rotarian and his family, convention-bound next summer, will demand something else besides good fishing. They want places to camp en route

to Detroit and then, perhaps, to their summer Walhalla. So these states give parks. Plenty of parks. Michigan offers the tourist sixty free parks where they can pitch camp and break the trip. And they demand pleasant places to fish, too, which can't be had in wild country unless you control forest fire. So a better job of combatting forest fire is being done in the Great Lakes states than it was dreamed could be done a decade ago. In 1931, Michigan spent over a million dollars fighting fire. Quite an item in overhead just to keep the place looking good!

And, even if you keep fire well in hand, the more cover you can get back on this logged-off land, the more stable your water table and the less damage from erosion, both of which aid lake and stream levels. So thousands of acres have been reforested in this Great Lakes country and millions more will be. Michigan has planted over 30,000 acres to pine in a single year on her state forests. Thirty-one million pine trees set into ground that will forever belong to the public!

**B**UT hand-reared forests do more, of course, than afford scenery and stabilize the water table. They give, along with the promise that otherwise idle acres will produce forest products in the future, a place for the tourish fisherman to pitch his camp and sleep in solitude beneath summer stars and dream the day's battle over again. They give—if properly planned—shelter for game birds and mammals which add to the interest of the recreating traveller and tempt him to return at a later season and try his luck with shotgun or rifle.

And if these things "take" as the administrators of conservation affairs in these sections hope they will take, a certain percentage of these vacationers will buy for themselves a plot of land and erect thereon a summer habitation and give the tax assessor one more place to drop in for a little visit and a look around.

Isn't that business? Keeping the customers satisfied and making 'em want more and turning the stock over and over? That's what this fishing business has grown into: an enterprise that is designed to attract its trade for many more months of the year than fish may be pursued in comfort for the angler or with safety to the supply.

In simple words, this business of fishing has given rise to a practice in this particular part of the world for which economists have long had a phrase and which the current administration of the United States Department of Agriculture has put into the mouth of the man on the

street. That phrase is *Land Use Planning*.

Over a decade ago, Wisconsin enthused land economists by a soil survey which laid the foundation for a sorting of sheep from the goats in its millions of acres. Wisconsin knows, in a measure, how much land of what kind it has.

**M**ORE recently, Michigan instituted its Land Economy Survey, an appraisal—physical, economic, social—of land resources and which for soundness and thoroughness has yet to be matched by any other similar enterprise. This section is agricultural land, but for what crops is it best suited? This is sub-marginal for agriculture, but will it grow a forest at a reasonable cost and within a reasonable time? This township is out of the picture for agriculture and it's questionable for forestry; but here's a location for a game refuge, with cover which will respond to management, and its lakes and streams are good; how much of it should the state retain and administer and develop so increment will spread to adjacent acres and make them attractive for cottagers or hunting clubs? . . . To such questions and the battle of their solutions does Michigan's Land Economic Survey lead.

But it all goes back to fishing. That's the bread-and-butter of this tourist industry. Golf for the more sedentary . . . a sort of salad. Grouse and pheasant and chicken shooting for another item on the menu.

The fish, alas, will never average such size as those I caught along with my grayling, although there's many a battle waiting in these same waters. And there are not many places left where you can justly hope that no fly, no plug, has ever dropped before.

But you can't have everything, one learns, and if this management of land will offer to coming generations a fairly decent—and always improving—resemblance of the wilderness that was, clean, green, peaceful; and if it can keep enough fish in the waters to give the visitor a thrill now and then and generally enough for the pan; if it can maintain enough deer and grouse so that they may be seen regularly from pleasant highways—which it now does—and still yield thousands to hunters annually . . .

Why then, if such things come to pass, then those of us who were once tantalized by the red gods to plundering and who have turned at least a part of our time and energies to restoration, will feel that our penance has had some small effect, at least, and that we have not lived and fished in vain. . . .



## Detroit Went to Boston—By Harry M. Robins, Member, Detroit Rotary Club

**WE WENT** to Boston with some questions in mind, particularly these two: "Just what is Rotary?" and "Where is Rotary going?" To these questions we found these answers.

Rotary is a powerful, penetrating force that taps all the well-springs of human energy. It reaches into every land, into every city and town, into every business and profession, into the office, the home, the church, the school, the state-house.

It breathes vitality into hard, fast, ethical concepts and make them living forces.

It measures men not according to their faults but according to their virtues.

It breaks down unmeaning formalities without destroying valuable conventions.

It demonstrates that friendly coöperation is possible even in a world built on competitive profits.

It glories in the wholesomeness of home and family, and claims for every man his right to enjoy them.

It recognizes differences of race, language, creed, culture, and political systems as mere incidents in human progress rather than as barrier walls between neighbor and neighbor.

It strives unceasingly for understanding, goodwill and international peace; but most of all for understanding.

It marks out a surprisingly delightful road down which may stroll in friendly discussion, business competitors, political opponents, men far apart in race or creed, all willing to forget their differences and to search their souls for the greatest common divisor of mutual agreement.

It decries not the implied selfishness of patriotism, rather finding in it a motive for aiding all world uplift movements on the premise that a part will profit from the good health of the whole.

It recognizes the usefulness and expediency of international boundaries, but rejects every effort to confine the Rotary

spirit within national walls or to exploit it for purely national purposes.

It gathers its strength not from contributions of money nor from political support, nor from nationalistic zeal, but from a true meeting of the minds and hearts of many men.

It provides for its members frequent opportunity to visit other magnificent cities, such as Boston; to relive in her atmosphere the great events of history, to drink deep of her splendid inheritance of literature, art and culture, to thrill with unalloyed joy over her lovely natural panoramas of rolling green hills, her cathedral-groined arches of stately elm trees, over the sheer classic beauty of her gleaming white, needle-spined churches, and most of all over her genuine, spontaneous heart-inspired hospitality.

And in turn to Detroit this year, Rotary brings a similar opportunity to profit more by serving well.

## Detroit—the City Dynamic

[Continued from page 12]

Park there still stands one of the ancient log cabins, furnished just as it was used by the early settlers. It was not built as a copy of an ancient home. It was built to live in centuries ago and still stands as a shrine of the old tradition.

Out at Dearborn, Henry Ford has his great historic museum with all the story of America pictured in the little village of Greenfield.\* It is a contradiction—and a characterization—that while the world looks to Detroit as the cradle of the modern Machine Age, the people cling tenaciously to its colorful and glorious past.

When, in 1813 Detroit became permanently an American municipality, its citizens had become rooted to its soil. The lure of the great white ribbon of a river, one of the most beautiful streams in the world, held them in its thrall. Its hunting grounds and fishing waters are world famous. Then, too, Detroit was peculiarly fortunate in the caliber of the men who founded it. They were not the rough, uncouth adventurers of the usual frontier. By an odd accident of fate they were men of wide learning and culture, and they left an imperishable imprint on the city. Let us take the Big Three of the first American Detroit for example.

First there was Judge Augustus Brevoort Woodward, after whom the city's main street is named. He was an intimate of Thomas Jefferson and Ben

Franklin, a great student of Greek and Latin culture, a world traveller, a cosmopolite. He was sent to Detroit from Philadelphia as the first supreme court justice of the new territory. Here in a little city, set amidst the primeval forest, was a student of world affairs, a scholar, and philosopher—a liberal in all things.

Working with him was Father Gabriel Richard, a heroic priest sent out from France to serve God among the Indians and the early settlers. He, too, was a great scholar. He it was who brought the first printing press to the Northwest Territory and started it in Detroit. He founded boys' and girls' schools and various societies in Detroit, and served as a congressman at Washington. Finally he gave his life working among the stricken in the great cholera epidemic of 1832.

The third of the trinity was Dr. John Montieth, sturdy Scotch Presbyterian. Shoulder to shoulder he labored with Father Richard. So devout were they that their love of God transcended all denominational barriers and even accorded them intimate comradeship with the brilliant free-thinking Judge Woodward.

**THESE** three men dominated the thought of Detroit in a spiritual, educational, and social sense. They were the three who founded the great University of Michigan which, some years later, was moved out to Ann Arbor. Judge

Woodward was president and Father Richard and Dr. Montieth made up the rest of the faculty. Because of them, Detroit was a cultural center before it was an incorporated city. To this day it has been free of all religious rancor and racial prejudices. A cultural matrix was formed before the city was laid out.

In 1805, the whole city had been completely destroyed by fire but it was quickly rebuilt on stronger and better lines, the branching arteries of that first design still remaining. Frequently it was swept by cholera epidemics. Often it was threatened by other fires, and Indian massacres were a constant menace. But it persevered and grew steadily.

The reason for its early growth was the fur trading with the Indians. After that there came the great timber developments and the opening of the richest copper mines in the world in the northern part of the state. Also amazing salt deposits were found in and around Detroit. These three industries alone guaranteed Detroit an established future long before man dreamed of moving over the face of the earth in horseless wagons. Timber and copper and salt were financed by Detroit capital, and from that money earned by the pioneers there came the great stove works, car wheel factories, other foundries, and world famous drug companies.

Detroit was not only one of the wealthiest cities of its size in America but its capitalists had invested their money throughout the world. A well-fed and

\*An article descriptive of Greenfield, of especial interest to prospective convention-goers, will appear in the May ROTARIAN.

prosperous city was known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "Detroit, the Beautiful." Its great winding boulevards, its majestic island park, "Belle Isle," and its tree shaded streets, its churches and schools, and its general innate culture made of it one of the beauty spots of America. Detroit was a city without slums and but little poverty.

Here is the paragraph that ties up the past with the present in this brief tale of Detroit. Four men made possible the motor-car industry in Detroit. Three of them were earth of its earth and soil of its soil—and the fourth deliberately picked Detroit because he found it to be the city of which he had long dreamed when he arrived here.

R. E. Olds, Henry Ford, and John Dodge were the three most significant figures in the early history. All three were born in neighboring towns and moved into the metropolis of the state at an early age. The fourth was Henry

M. Leland who came from Massachusetts.

These pioneers were encouraged and supported by the Detroit banks, financed by the stored up wealth from the timber and ore mining ventures. And Detroit went winging on her way to the new destiny of putting the world on wheels.

The spirit of Detroit in those early days was very much akin to that period in America a decade or more ago when every youngster became wrapped up in radio. Parents tolerated the "boyish nonsense" and thought nothing would come of it. So it was with the first days of the motor car. Fathers worried that their boys were wasting their time. In 1904, the Common Council of Detroit passed a resolution demanding that horseless carriages be kept off the main streets as they were scaring the horses!

The world's demand for motor cars poured in upon Detroit's automotive pioneers so rapidly they were forced by sheer necessity to develop the system now

known to the world as mass production. Here, as Rotarians will be invited to see for themselves next June, inventive genius has been concentrated on two problems—manufacturing cars and devising ways and means of making more cars faster. The great factories thus called into being are truly a modern-day wonder—whose resounding shops and amazing assembly lines annually bring to this "motoropolis" visitors from all lands.

Detroit has set the pace for the world's new tempo, but it never lost its ancient birthright. Though it persisted in doubling its population every ten years and the farm lands of last week became great rows of homes this week, it never lost the cultural instincts of its early fathers.

The great Detroit school system kept pace with that growth. The sewage, water, and lighting were always anticipated years ahead. Because of this, Detroit, year after year, has been proclaimed in the United States federal statistics as the healthiest city in America.

Its art institute and its companion piece, the public library, designed by Cass Gilbert, are two of the most beautiful buildings in America. A dozen or more lecture courses a week bring packed houses and this winter four concert bureaus are competing with each other despite the depression and are bringing the finest artists in the world into their theaters and auditoriums with standing room only.

**D**ETROIT has the most complete and advanced school system of any American municipality, starting with kindergartens and grammar schools and going through the junior high schools to the municipal university itself. Starting from the cradle, a Detroit boy can go on to the scholastic glory of his Ph.D. without getting away from the Detroit educational system and the guiding hand of Rotarian Frank Cody, superintendent.

Because of the foresight and vision and the willingness to spend liberally, Detroit was always physically ready for the onrush of new citizens. But as the mass production technique became established, it grew increasingly difficult to blend into the picture the new type of labor necessary. There came in great armies of unskilled laborers.

Detroit, from its beginning, had been a city of homes, owned by their occupants. It was part of the Detroit tradi-



*The Penobscot Building, Detroit, looking north on Fort Street. Atop the structure is a high revolving searchlight for the guidance of air-pilots.*

tion. And as the city grew, newcomers fell in line with that idea. The banks of Detroit lent liberally on home mortgages to make this possible. Too, they lent to the limit, for the financing of municipal indebtedness.

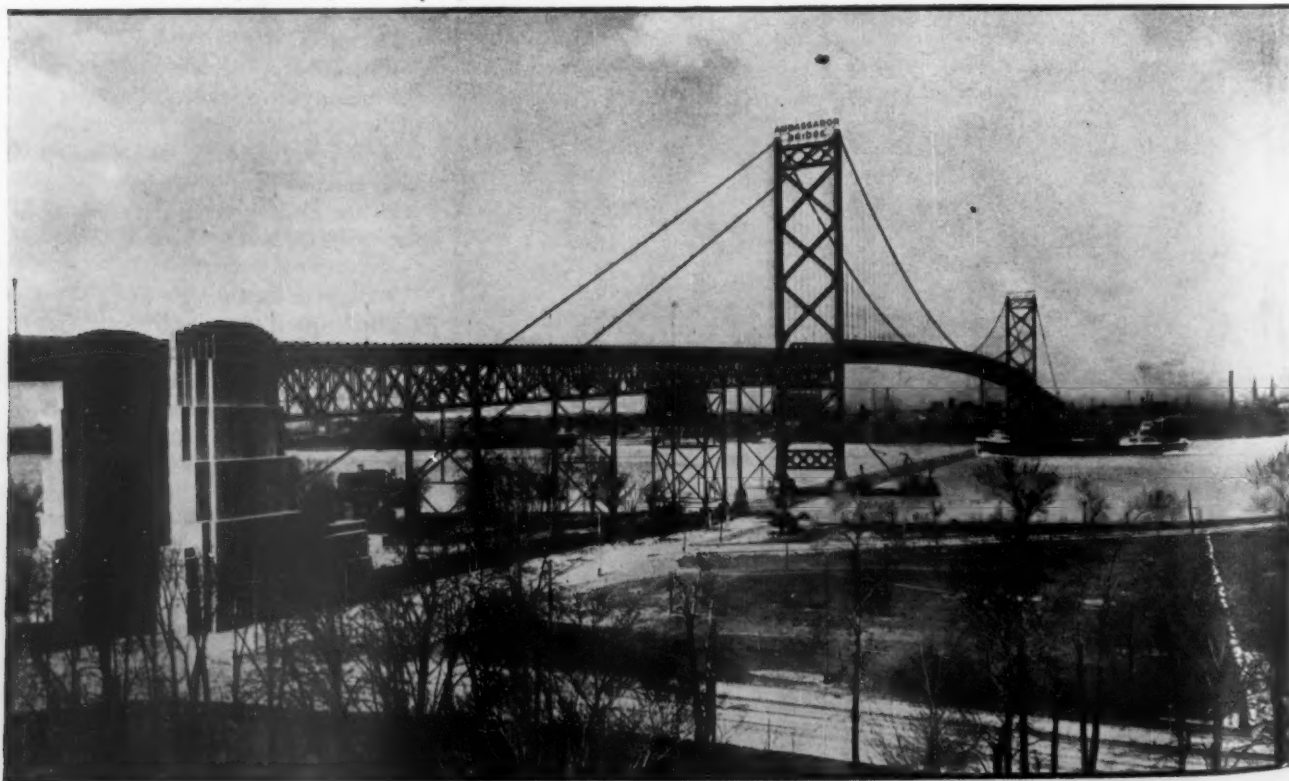
As Detroit was the most prosperous city on earth, it was naturally one of the first to feel the impact of the famous October crash. And as it was the highest up in wages and scale of living, it had farther to fall. And, O my brethren, as one who lived through it, I can say, "and great was the fall thereof!"

But no man, woman, or child went hungry. As the wheels of industry slowed down, Detroit poured millions upon millions into relief work. So much was this talked about that thousands from other cities began pouring into Detroit—not to find work but to be fed! It was only after a desperate struggle that this new invasion was stopped.

The old banks were closed. Just why is still one of the most argued mysteries of our whole national financial puzzle. Their burdens, combined with an acute political situation, were too heavy. They had been stretched beyond endurance by the terrific strain of caring for the city's needs.

Detroit's banking situation was no better and no worse than that of any other large American city, but it was the first big city to crash, and naturally took upon itself more prominence. Detroit was a city set upon a hill.

*This photograph of the great Ambassador Bridge, which links Detroit with Windsor, Canada, was taken from the Detroit side.*



Great new banks were quickly organized to carry on in the place of the old, one financed by money from the General Motors organization and the Chrysler Corporation, and the other by the Fords, father and son.

Temporarily Detroit was down but never was it out. As long as people prefer to ride in motor cars instead of in the old horse and buggy, the wealth and prosperity of Detroit is secure. For within this city are centered the greatest machine shops on earth. Its workmen are motor-minded and mechanically fingered. The average Detroit boy can take a motor apart and put it together again with the ease that other youngsters play with building blocks.

**T**ODAY, the world-wide demand has gone forth for new cars. Doubtless many a Rotarian and family already are planning "to drive out" a new streamlined automobile after the convention. Every day brings its flood of orders. Apparently the old cars that were forced to last during the depression are falling apart like the fabled one-hoss shay. In the factory districts the wheels are whirring again and Detroit is singing on its way back to its own.

Districts that might have developed into hideous slums are being swept away to make room for new model homes; the city's great burden of debt is being refunded to keep the schools and great

recreation centers open and to continue the city's logical development.

Through the darkest hours of its trial, when the whole world looked on in doubt and said that Detroit—a boom town—had collapsed, this city never lost its faith. Detroiters knew the inside story. They knew the character and fiber of their city. They knew that neither fire nor pestilence nor war had ever robbed her of her courage.

In her darkest hours, the figures of Father Richard and Dr. Montieth and Judge Woodward looked down from their places in the walls of the ancient City Hall.

The evening sun made it seem as though their great stone faces were smiling in benediction. Detroit was unafraid. No panics here. Just quiet faith!

Not in vain had they labored. Not for nothing had Detroit become a household name throughout the world as the city dynamic.

After the great fire, the city fathers had adopted as the motto of their town: "It has risen from the ashes."

Detroit, a city resurgent, has arisen again. It has kept faith with itself. Though we are a melting pot with all the peoples of all the earth in our midst, we are yet very old in our memories. Our forebears are buried here in our soil. So well did they build and make ready for the years to come that we have never given up our identity.

Detroit has never lost its soul!



## Birth Control for Ideas? No

[Continued from page 9]

the miner who digs out gold, can be blamed because that mineral is later mis-spent in business in the form of money.

Blaming the inventive genius of mankind for the recent depression and our troubled times reveals the fallacy of episodic thinking. Depressions have happened throughout history—centuries before the Machine Age. One of the greatest panics and economic upsets in history was the Tulip Craze in Holland which reached its climax in 1637. Tulips wrecked the finances of Holland and impoverished a people because of the insane desire for them. But the tulip remains as it was then, a beautiful flower. It was not the flower's fault.

Yet the flower was blamed. If you will reread your history you will learn that sincere efforts were made following the crash at that time to forbid the planting or growing of tulips! Is there not today something of a whimsical parallel?

Another equally wild thing which wrecked France and staggered the economic world in 1717 was the Mississippi Bubble. That wrecking of the world was based on high hopes of vast fortunes out of the Mississippi River. The great "Father of the Waters" was not to blame. "Old Man River" still rolls along, just the same as it always did. So will that great evolutionary stream of mankind: industrial, economic, and social development—just as steadily as the scientists apply the laws of nature to the cause of mankind.

History records that there were great depressions in 1837, 1857, 1873, and 1893—all before mass production. History also shows very clearly that there was always a prolonged depression after every great war. And a little while ago we went through the greatest war in all history. Yet blithely some of the social philosophers and a few of the economists blame the inventor and the Machine Age.

If all the inventive, creative genius of mankind were to be arrested, locked up, for a period of years, what would happen? Life would then become stabilized indeed. The only stabilized civilization we know of today is that of the interior of China and the only completely standardized life is that of the primitive savage.

Here we find absolute stabilization because man's creative imagination is largely non-existent. So much for the bugaboo of "standardization" because of the Machine Age. The common people of China wear the same hats, the same shoes, the same clothes as their ancestors did thou-

sands of years ago and the primitive savage in the heat of Africa enjoys his standardized nakedness.

Much of the confusion in the public mind over the problem we are discussing is due to the terminology that is used.

When the average citizen hears of a research engineer, he immediately thinks of a man who is devoting his life to that awful thing, standardization. However, to the research engineer that word means one thing and to the average citizen, and some social philosophers, it means something wholly different.

**S**TANDARDIZATION of procedure, in the machinery of production, such as a general agreement on the exact thread on all nuts and bolts, is one form on which all of us are agreed. That is for the public convenience as well as for the manufacturer.

Standardization of the finished product, however, is what the research engineer wages constant war against. He knows that as soon as the goods offered the consuming public become standardized, stagnation sets in. And when that happens there is no other outlet for the supply of manufactured goods but cut-throat competition. Price advantage is offered as against the improved product. This is inevitable.

It is the research engineer's task to keep the Machine Age alive by bringing about change. He is the hope of our civilization as the one true social evolutionist.

Again there is confusion over the word research. What does it mean? *Research is simply trying to find out what we are going to do when we can't keep on doing what we are now doing.*

Just pouring out standardized goods in mass production will not solve our problems. Mass production is a means to an end. You cannot turn out three times the amount of goods the market will absorb. Such procedure is a violation of the law of supply and demand, which is as positive as the law of gravitation.

The basic law of business is simply this: A study of the human needs and the creation of things to gratify that desire. Every element of that most complicated of all studies, human nature, enters into this fundamental principle of business.

—Let us take a specific example of the human element in business. You desire to buy a car this year. You will insist, of course, on one of the 1934 models. We

will say you have paid an even \$1,000 for that automobile. It is yours but you have not driven it. It has never touched the pavement of the streets. It is completely new.

But, instead of taking it out on the highway, you use it for an experiment. You wrap it in cellophane or put it in a glass case. You keep that car for ten years. Then you take it out on the market and seek to sell it. Will you be able to realize your \$1,000? You will not. Nobody wants that car because it has been outmoded. New cars have come, new inventions, new appliances, new ideas. Yet it is a perfectly good car and will run as well in 1944 as it will today. But your modern public will not want it.

In this connection the economist, who would stem the tide, overlooks another one of the most vital phases of human nature—the horror of monotony. Nothing is more deadening to the imagination of mankind, to its happiness, and to its progress than monotony.

No, our problem is not that of over-production, *per se*. There is an over-production of old things but there is vast under production of new things. That is really what is wrong with us.

It has been shown that thirty per cent of the people of the United States produce more food than we need and another thirty per cent produce more than enough manufactured articles. What, then, to do with the other forty per cent—how are we to obtain for them gainful employment?

There is only one course open to us: To study human needs and to create new ones. We have just scratched the surface in the task of giving every man and woman and child a complete, a secure, and a happy existence on this earth. Anybody who thinks the building of America, for example, has been finished, that the task is over and that we must slow down, has no vision of the future.

It is up to the research men of the world to find employment for that part of the forty per cent that would ordinarily be unemployed. This cannot be achieved by stopping them but by giving them orders to go full steam ahead in their great pioneering.

As a by-product of the intensive research work in the World War, the material side of our civilization took vast steps forward. Out of the war research we got the radio, aviation, tremendously valuable new chemicals, the talking motion pictures, new oils, new gases—an

astounding array of new products that added to the wealth of the world and made possible the prosperity that collapsed in 1929—not as a result of those researches, but because of over-expanded credits and stock market gambling of which the research engineer, as such, had no part.

We, the human race, took the new discoveries of science as little children. We thought the material wealth alone was the end in view. We went on a joy ride and talked glibly about poverty being abolished for all time. An economic millennium was here, and there was nothing more to be done but to spend money and enjoy life. The world has gone through the old story of the Tower of Babel in modern setting.

If you give a twelve-year-old child a sixteen-cylinder motor car which he does not know how to run and he steps on the gas, winding up in a ditch or against a telegraph pole, can you blame the machine? Was the engineer at fault? Hardly.

It was not the engineer who created the vast top-heavy credit structure, it was not the research man who declared the war, it was not the inventor who made possible the bull-bear battles in Wall Street. The economist and the politician must give the answers to those riddles.

The research men created the new wealth of the world and its prosperity. It is not their fault that it was abused. Those who did abuse these new found riches have by now, it is hoped, learned their lessons. The joy ride is over. We are back to earth. And it is up to the researcher to bring us out of the wreckage. Therefore do not hamstring him. Assist him, do not blame him.

How would we go about it to stabilize life for a few years by preventing further technical development? How would it be rationed out as needed? What part of science would we permit to unfold and what restrain? When the economists have planned this all out I will cheerfully coöperate with them.

Let's take medicine as an illustration. The world owes the doctor and the sanitation engineers a great debt for their contributions to our general health. But they have called upon all groups of their fellow scientists for help. The physicist furnished the X-rays and all the other health restoring rays and lights. The chemist gave to them untold numbers of specific compounds. The engineer gave to them all sorts of modern equipment to make their work easier and more efficient. So that today the average patient in surgery requires a much briefer stay in the hospital than he once did, and he is returned to his family far stronger and

healthier. Plagues have been swept from the earth and the life of the average individual has been stretched an amazing number of years as the result of scientific research—far removed at its beginnings from the fields of medicine.

Today it takes no longer to get a long-distance telephone call through than it does a local one. Under this new plan how much longer should we wait for a call to make this industry stable? Engineering and all the branches of science, working synthetically, have made this mechanism almost perfect. How much will we slow down our calls and who will decide which ones are to be slowed down? Will the doctor be allowed to get his calls through quickly and will the economist have to wait?

**T**O RETURN to medicine, will the economists who advocate a planned society with a rationing of progress, please tell us how much longer the patient will have to remain in the hospital? How much bad medicine must a patient be fed to stabilize things when science already has a cure ready for him?

Singled out for attention from these economists is the automotive industry. They hold to the opinion that the internal-combustion engine has done more to throw civilization out of joint than any one thing. It is charged with having shifted the centers of population and that it has been wasteful in discarding production machinery before it has been worn out. It has even produced new models so that people were no longer satisfied with the old ones. One specific complaint is that it has ruined the railroads. Let us consider that one first.

The automotive industry has not ruined the railroads. Rather, it has given the

railroads more business than any other single industry on record. Check up on the amount of steel that is shipped over the railroads for the making of automobiles and other automotive products; also, of coal, of glass, of petroleum, of copper, and countless other materials that go into cars. It was the carrying of this freight that made America's railroads one of the nation's biggest assets, as they still are.

It is true that railroads have suffered during the depression. That is not surprising. All other businesses have. But the automotive industry, working through research men, and in coöperation with the railroads, is bringing about a new type of transportation. The new type of high speed Diesel propelled trains blend the years of experience in rail transportation with the inventor's abilities and the manufacturing technique of the motor industry. They, too, are working hand in hand to rebuild prosperity.

These two, the railroad and the motor car industry, are not going backward to find stabilization but forward to new systems of transportation which a few years ago would have seemed like a Jules Verne dream.

The advocates of this planned rationing of life stress especially their charge that machinery is discarded before it wears out, both the machine within the factory and the motor car itself. This is easily answered.

The whole modern factory is a special machine for making a particular product which in many cases could not be made in any other way, no matter how skilled the workmen. However, the economists and the bankers consider these facilities as investments, one of the sacred cows of our depression.

We are told we must not change our models or type of goods because of our investments. Trying to save our investments in obsolete equipment has been one of the things that has held up our rally from what might have been but a temporary slowing down of our pace. We would have been billions ahead if we had done this because we would not now have to pay out in taxation and charity the moneys that we have expended.

"This is all right," the economist will say, "If the advantages of the new machine are enough to make it worthwhile. But retiring them for a mere marginal advantage is sheer waste."

Does such a critic have an idea that automobile makers maintain large and alert forces of engineers running around their plants looking for places where an old machine might be thrown out for a marginal advantage? Talk with the fore-

---

## To Edwin Markham

(Born on the 23rd of April)

**M**ASTER of Singers, molder of great lines;  
 Trumpet of Truth, your utterance outshines  
 The lyric hosts that fleck the firmament,  
 As skylark's ecstasy outsoars the dark,  
 Or suns exceed the firefly's fitful spark.  
 The paler orbs may laud and venerate  
 In voices wan, and scarce articulate!  
 While to the heart of man your ear is bent,  
 The harp in every star to you is lent.  
 Yours is a dignity of splendid light  
 Untroubled, save by human wrong and blight.  
 Sure of your course among the starry throngs,  
 Attentive continents await your songs!

—ANNA ROZILLA CREVER.

---

man of a connecting-rod department for example. He will tell you: "I can't get a new machine unless it will pay for itself in three years"—or six months, perhaps.

If a connecting rod breaks, the foreman has no difficulty at all in getting a new one. If the old machine wears out he can without trouble order one of the same pattern. But a new machine, a new method, a new idea? Ah, then he must prove its merit first.

No sane business man spends any such money unless he knows he is going to get a substantial profit from so doing. Marginal profits of this nature just do not happen in factories—not even in the boom years. They would mean business suicide.

Instead of that picture, here is another; as I see it. If the world's manufacturers had bought new machinery more freely, if they had been less hesitant about retiring the old ones, the machinery makers would have been able to develop machines that would have led to even better factory equipment.

**AND** if this had happened, then the capital-goods industries would not have died, nor gone into a coma, and the depression would never have touched the depths that it did. The trouble has not been any waste in retiring machines that were not worn out; the trouble has been that they were not retired soon enough. That is just where our industrial organism bogged down. Industry began to "stabilize," as the economists want it, and that is what brought on the depression—insofar as industry had anything to do with bringing it on. Business was thinking more of savings than it was of keeping alive the capital-goods industries. And they will pay for these savings many times over, in loss of business and increased taxes for unemployment.

How the economic planners are going to ration thought I do not know. Prohibition did not prevent men from drinking and I do not see how any plan can be devised to keep them from thinking. Ideas move the world, not laws and regulations. Someone in Europe or Asia may write a scientific book. It cannot be barred from this country. Some one else will take the knowledge in that book and put it to work and thereby he will tamper with the bacteria content of milk, the tensile strength of textile yarns, or the magnetic qualities of automobile alloy steels. Who knows what?

My own idea is that we—the human race—as yet know very little; practically nothing. We may be sure then that the greatest surety in our civilization is the instability of everything we know and



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**IT** isn't even open to question. Good, smooth, clean-looking streets, fed by easy-riding highways *invite* business. They bring trade to local stores and strengthen community morale.

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extra miles of good, smooth, long-lasting streets and roads—with *Stanolind Cut Back Asphalt*! In new construction, it brings real economy—because of its unusually low first cost, with minimum maintenance expense. Important, also, is that it can be used to *put new, smooth, enduring surfaces on old road foundations*. Stanolind Cut Back, which is used cold, assures you of the best results for resurfacing asphalt roads. Its service-histories are unsurpassed. And since it is a product of Standard Oil—produced under seasoned, skilled supervision—it is of *known* high quality.

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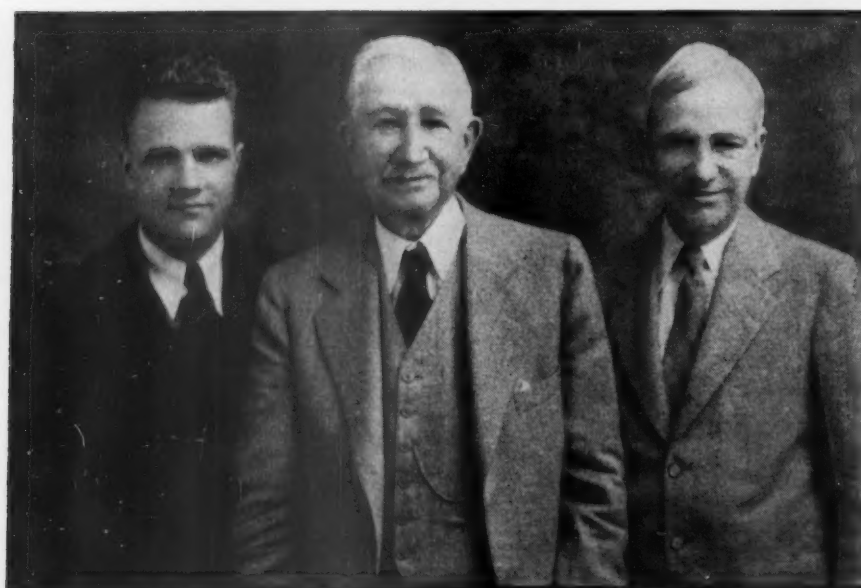
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do. We must keep our minds open. There is nothing permanent but change and the more violently you struggle to hold back this inevitable movement the more violent will be the reaction.

The engineers and the economists and the administrators of government and the people themselves—all of us are seeking identically the same thing. We want a steadily increasing higher standard of living. We want economic stability.

Some of the economists think we know too much already in the field of science and that our knowledge is clogging the road. The scientist knows all too well how little he knows. He knows with all his heart and mind and soul that he is just at the threshold—that he is just beginning his task of remaking the world nearer to all our desires.

There is much to be done! Study of air-conditioning alone is bringing to us a realization of tremendous possibilities. Houses will have even heat in summer and in winter and the air will be purified. As this develops, two-thirds of the buildings in America will have to be made over. There will be the greatest building program in the history of America. It will come as naturally as the motor car did, or the radio, or the talking picture.

It is one of the endless improvements that are coming as a result of the research engineer's efforts. There will be so much to do that we will again be puzzled as to how to devise means of getting it done. Everywhere we look there are tasks to perform. We will never get started on them by marking time.

Research is not Man's despair but his greatest hope.

### Rotary Fathers and Sons

ABOVE—The Angola (Indiana) Rotary Club has five fathers and sons. Front row: Fathers Lawrence N. Klink, Samuel C. Wolfe, William L. Jarrard, Edward Williamson, Clinton E. Beatty. Back row: Sons Harry Klink, Lawrence L. Wolfe, Wendall Jarrard, James Williamson, and Glenn Beatty.

CENTER—At Wooster, Ohio, the Rotary club has on its roster a grandfather, father, and son. Here they are: Grandson Raymond Dix, Grandfather Albert Dix, and Son Emmet Dix, snapped recently on the grandfather's 88th birthday. A second son is a Rotarian at Ravena, Ohio.

BELOW—Stalwart cogs in the Rotary wheel at Petersburg, Illinois, are Frank M. Finney (center), and two sons, Fred F. (left) and David B. (right). Father Frank was the first president of the club; David was also a charter member and has served both as secretary and treasurer; Fred is the present secretary.



Dr. John B. LaDue, member of the "Lobsters" team of the Chicago Rotary Bowling League, last year won the silver medal presented by American Bowling Congress for a high score of 299.

## Bowling Notes

**B**OWLING in the Chicago Rotary Club had its start when five men organized a team which was entered in one of Chicago's mercantile bowling leagues. This team competed for two years in this fashion and the following year a league was organized wholly within the Rotary club consisting of eight teams and it is generally believed that the present season constitutes the League's 17th annual tournament.

For a number of years the League was operated on a net basis, but it soon became obvious that a handicap plan would increase the interest and after much inquiry and investigation the change was made. At first the teams were selected by a committee but for some years past selection has been by the team sponsors.

The handicap plan has been tremendously successful. The League is composed of old and young—good, fair, and indifferent bowlers—and it is generally conceded that the indifferent bowlers enjoy themselves as much if not more than the more expert participants. The Chicago club pioneered the handicap league idea and by constant changes to meet the obvious difficulties as they presented themselves has finally adopted a set of rules for which they had no precedent and which have stood without any change for several years.

The basis of handicap is 180. The season starts on the basis of the individual's earned handicap for the preceding season and this handicap continues for four nights. After the fourth night, the handicap earned for those four nights applies to the fifth night and is changed nightly thereafter. In listing averages, preference is given to gross average and so it can happen that an indifferent bowler leads the League. Night prizes are given on the net and gross basis which further adds to the enjoyment of the beginner whose large handicap enables him upon occasion to participate in prizes which of course would

not be possible if the league were run on a net-score basis.

We have the problem of unavoidable absence which is met in a net league by a very severe penalty, some leagues taking 150 and others as little as 125 as the score for the absent man. Recognizing this difficulty among busy business men, the Chicago Rotary League has adopted the plan of using 170 for the absent man's score and if a substitute bowls in his stead the substitute's score does not count for the team although the substitute is eligible for night prizes.

The result of these rules of play has been an unabating enthusiasm from year to year and there have been not less than 18 teams in the League for several years. Busy men whose business normally would take them out-of-town on Sunday night have been known to stay over until after bowling on Monday.

The effect of the handicap on gross scores presents the curious situation that until 1932 no bowler had achieved a gross score of 300 or more although such a situation is entirely possible. In the year named two men rolled precisely 300—one with a 43 handicap and the other with a 1 handicap and the next year a man with a 20 handicap rolled 290 net thus making the quaint total of 310. It should be many years, however, before this happens again.

While the league needs no stimulus, there are a number of trophies up for competition which add to the general interest and while the Chicago club has never been successful in its International Telegraph Tournament participation, it has been in the competition each year.

BARBARA LOUKOTA,  
Assistant Secretary,  
Chicago Rotary Bowling League.

The Toledo Rotary Club in addition to its own Rotary league, has a team entered in the Interluncheon Bowling League composed of teams from the American Legion, Lions, Kiwanis, and Exchange. In the Rotary Club League, there are thirty-six regulars and ten substitutes.

Of the twelve teams in the St. Louis Rotary Club's League, the "Musicks" have a firm hold on first place with (March 6) nineteen games won and five lost.

Eighteen teams are enrolled in Detroit's Rotary Bowling League now completing the second half of the year.

The chief event of the year among Rotary bowlers is the International Telegraphic Bowling Tournament of Rotary clubs, usually held the latter part of April. Teams bowl on their own alleys and immediately telegraph scores to the Secretary, Paul Bradford, 2020 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. Each club participating pays an entry fee of \$2.50. For the last four years the maple-splitting aggregation from Oakland, Cal., has taken honors, last year counting up a total of 3,181 pins in three games.

Last year the Sioux City, Ia., team won second place, and Fremont, Ohio, third place.

Cleveland has eight Rotary bowling teams, with the "Cleaners" holding first place.

Rotarian bowlers from Columbus, Ohio, accepting a challenge from the local Athletic Club, scored 2,758 against their opponents' 2,726.

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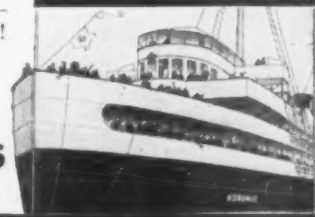
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## Tightening the Wheat Belt

[Continued from page 23]

Under the provisions of the agreement and with the aid of a poor crop the United States should be able to work off its surplus. America will have reduced it to 86 million bushels by the close of July. But this will not be enough. If there is a normal wheat crop this year of 850 million bushels, less fifteen per cent (under the wheat allotment plan) or 722 million bushels, plus the surplus of 86 million bushels, there will be on hand 808 million bushels as against the normal annual consumption of only 610 million bushels. So that by August 1, 1934, the United States will have on its hands 198 million bushels.

The London pact will allow America to export only 47 million bushels. This may seem amazingly small, but it must be remembered that the United States exported last year only 40 million bushels.

Canada and the United States were in an unfavorable position in the discussions on the allocation of exports by reason of heavy surpluses. These were brought about, on the one hand, by the operations of the Canadian wheat pools and, on the other, by the large purchases of the United States Farm Board. If there is additional export required, above the allotted quota, it will be provided by the United States and Canada.

Argentina and Australia obtained a bet-

ter bargain on exports. It was essential for the good of the whole that some compromise be effected to conclude the agreement for universal curtailment of wheat production.

Russia signed the general agreement but deferred committing herself to the export quota which was left for negotiation with the four overseas exporting countries. Although she did not sign, there was a confident feeling in the conference which still prevails, that Russia will do nothing to jeopardize the program.

It now seems that all the earlier estimates of Russian wheat yields were from twenty to thirty per cent too high. The Russians plan to use at least a normal percentage of their crop for domestic purposes and experimentation.

The Russian question is before the permanent Wheat Advisory Board which has been set up in London to work out the details of the agreement. President Roosevelt appointed Robert W. Bingham, United States ambassador to Great Britain, as a permanent member and I have agreed to act as an alternate member to the extent of one trip a year to London.

A recent cable dispatch demonstrated how quickly the world has been brought to look to the Wheat Agreement for guidance. The International Institute of Agriculture at Rome reported that 535

million bushels of wheat will be needed by importing countries during the coming season, while the exportable supplies of export countries are only 416 million bushels. This means, the Institute report said, that old stocks of wheat must be drawn on for about 110 million bushels.

There will be on August 1, 1934, the report continued, 580 million bushels carryover, a reduction from the 690 million bushels at the start of the current season.

This fits almost exactly into the framework of the London Agreement. The estimates last summer were, as noted, 560 million bushels, with allowance made for a slight rise or fall from that estimate. It was determined at that time that the normal carryover should be cut down to 400 million bushels. Consequently, there must be a reduction of approximately 200 million bushels to reach a normal level in the world's carryover by August.

The object and intent of the wheat agreement is to accomplish just that. To do so, every signatory nation will be required to carry out to the letter the provisions of the compact. Even additional sacrifices may be necessary.

In the matter of wheat, the world has set itself resolutely to the task of adjustment. If the wheat growers of the world realize where their interests lie, we will

*This group picture shows delegates to the London Wheat Conference last year at which twenty-two nations signed an agreement to control wheat production for two years.*

Photo: Acme.





have wheat production adjusted to wheat consumption, and bring to the wheat producer a fair price for his product.

The United States has definitely embarked on a policy of industrial production control under the leadership of President Roosevelt. Industry no longer will be permitted to produce more goods than the demand requires. It has been made convincingly clear that industry cannot go along under a system of control while uncontrolled agriculture flounders helplessly. There must be a reasonable parity between what the farmer buys and what the farmer has to sell.

Controlled production is the inevitable

trend. Wheat cannot be purchased perpetually by the government and thrown away. Neither can hogs, corn, cotton, dairy products, and other basic agricultural products. They must be brought to conform to the new standards.

The world is undergoing great changes and the sooner we are brought to a realization of this fact the sooner our difficulties will be solved. It means that many pet theories, in which we have traditionally placed confidence, must be abandoned. We must take new and careful steps. We must convince opposition; override it if necessary to bring about the new adjustments.

## Tomorrow's Criminals

[Continued from page 30]

per cent of the 2,000 odd prisoners at Sing Sing were never associated with such groups. We can forget about the boy who is.

Our problem is the boy, regardless of race or creed, who does not belong to these clubs. He is the potential delinquent. If we provide him with a club room, a few books to read, a set of boxing-gloves; if we form a baseball or basketball team so that he can work off that excess energy and go to bed tired as every boy should, then we will be doing much to thwart in him those tendencies that lead to crime.

There are churches and school buildings in every community which are dark several nights each week, whereas they could be in continuous use were they equipped with recreational facilities. Though the amount may seem small, one hundred dollars will go a long way toward purchasing the necessary equipment. Any Rotary club can raise that amount.

Ex-President Hoover said: "One gener-

ation of properly born, trained, educated, and healthy children would cause a thousand problems of government to vanish."

The only way this can be achieved is to give to the coming generation proper guidance and education. Let them profit by the mistakes we have made; there is no reason to make the same mistake twice. And each adult can do his or her part by strictly obeying the laws he has helped to make. Let every man remember this: Some boy has picked you as his ideal.

I wish all fathers could carry with them that scene in Sing Sing prison. Whose boy may be next is something beyond prediction. Every county in New York State has had its murder trials. In some there have been many, in others few. Every community has seen some of its youth go wrong. The crime toll of boys grows yearly. The waywardness of youth becomes more marked. And today's juvenile delinquent will become tomorrow's criminal—unless we all do our share now!

## Paying for the New Deal

[Continued from page 15]

of the national income was expended for public service. This ratio was one to six in 1930. Now it is *one to three*.

When we reach such proportions, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that many taxpayers must submit to what amounts to a capital levy. That has been one of the justified complaints of farmers in many sections of the United States. Now it may be extended to many others.

Another fundamental fact must be taken into consideration. As the weight of tax burdens increases, it becomes more

and more necessary to establish a pay-as-you-go policy. Increased debts mean decreased ability to meet postponed accounts.

It has always been a concept of correct taxation policy not to extend time of payment beyond the economic life of the project for which the money is expended. In times of war and famine, this rule can be rescinded but not ignored.

It is argued, of course, that the purpose of the extraordinary expenditures is to "prime the pump" of economic activity.

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Mr. and Mrs. Len A. Bishop,  
Directors. (See "The Rotarian"  
for August, 1933, page 27, "This Month We Present.")

Those of us with a rural or village background will remember that the pump will not stay primed unless we keep on pumping. Tomorrow another priming may be necessary.

The extent of the New Deal program is indicated when it is realized that nearly 23 million citizens are on the government payroll to a greater or less degree. This number does not include state, county, local, or school employees, but refers to those who are recipients of government payments of different kinds. Some of these will pay taxes to offset partially these receipts, but there is a corresponding reduction in the number who will be expected to carry the load.

During the past fifteen years of rapidly increasing expenditures by various units of government, the field of taxation has been pretty well explored for new kinds of tax revenues.

In 1916, we heard very little of the burden of federal taxation because the total requirements were relatively small. Liquor and tobacco taxes together with duties or imports accounted for 69 per cent of the national revenues with income taxes providing 16 per cent. In 1930, tobacco and liquor provided 11 per cent, tariffs 15 per cent, and income taxes 58 per cent.

The shift to a main reliance on income taxation levied on the basis of ability to pay produced an embarrassing situation

in the previous administration's finances when the total annual receipts fell off 2 billion dollars in the last year, due largely to the disappearance of thousands of net incomes and reduced amounts of others. Income taxation is a proper means of raising revenue, but too slender a reed to lean on for major support. It is found lacking when most needed.

**T**HE decrease in foreign commerce has its share in creating the shortage. We can now look to the imposition of liquor taxes to close a part of the gap, but the one effect hoped for is to dispense with the so-called nuisance taxes of an emergency character imposed during the last session of Congress.

In the meantime, estate taxes have become a permanent part of the government's revenues. Possibly these will be enlarged not alone as a source for additional revenue but as a means for redistribution of wealth. Such a course may create a temporary increase of revenue, but if carried too far will eventually dry up this source of government support.

The same principle applies to imposition of income taxes. Already twenty-six states have adopted this means of raising local revenue. If accompanied by increased rates by state and national laws, they will pass the level of diminishing returns.

With the burden of taxes related to

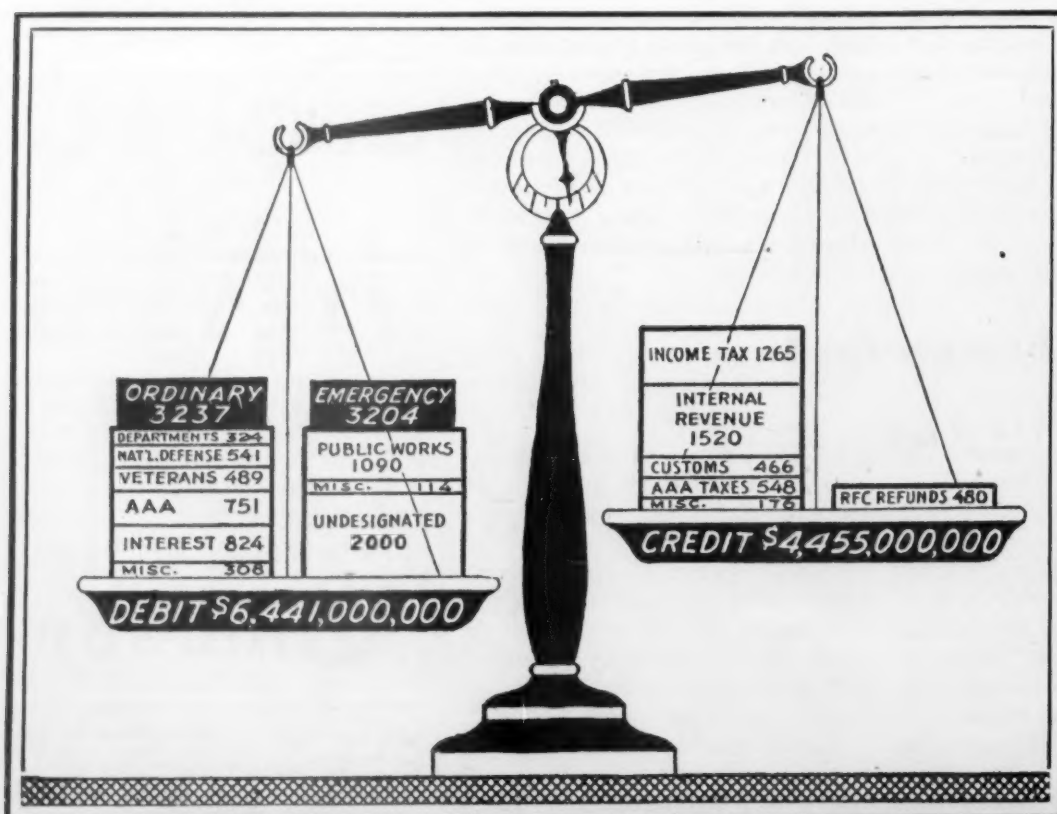
income rapidly-increasing, the greater the economic dislocation at tax-paying time. Frequent instalments or day-to-day payment as a recognized overhead in daily living, both corporate and individual, is most desirable. Here enters the plea for consideration of a sales tax.

Despite the present opposition based on principle, the decision will be forced by expediency. As the volume of demands for revenue increase, to resort to this field of taxation by the national government seems inevitable.

Proper exemptions of the necessities of life for those of limited earning power suggest themselves if this general form of taxation should be recognized as a national policy. No argument is made for a reduction of national income tax rates, but any effort to increase substantially the present rates will be futile as a revenue increasing method.

The one real hope is a restored agricultural, industrial and commercial activity at levels that will create net earnings. This cannot come from government ownership or excessive federal competition with private enterprise. It will be definitely retarded by the heavy hand of excessive taxation.

In closing this discussion, may we convey our definite purpose to avoid an attack on the general program of our President? It must be evident that his course is supported by a large majority of



*The constantly increasing U. S. national debts as they affect the government budget for 1934-35 are graphically shown on the balance scales at the left. The different blocks, representing various departments of expenditure and income are shown in terms of millions of dollars. Further taxes or the alternative of decreased expenditures, seem to be the only way out, according to the author.—Reproduced through courtesy of the Christian Science Monitor.*

## The New Deal Alphabet

The following agencies were created after March 4, 1933:

AAA—Agricultural Adjustment Administration.	FSHC—Federal Subsistence Homesteads Corporation.
CAB—Consumers' Advisory Board.	FSLA—Federal Savings and Loan Associations.
CC—Consumers' Counsel.	FSRC—Federal Surplus Relief Corp.
CCC—Commodity Credit Corporation.	HOLC—Home Owners' Loan Corp.
CSB—Central Statistical Board.	IAB—Industrial Advisory Board.
CWA—Civil Works Administration.	LAB—Labor Advisory Board.
DLB—Deposit Liquidation Board.	NCB—National Compliance Board.
ECW—Emergency Conservation Work (Official name for Civilian Conservation Corps.)	NEC—National Emergency Council.
EHC—Emergency Housing Corporation.	NLB—National Labor Board.
EHFA—Electric Home and Farm Authority.	NPB—National Planning Board.
FACA—Federal Alcohol Control Administration.	NRA—National Recovery Administration.
FCA—Farm Credit Administration.	NRRB—National Recovery Review Board.
FACT—Federal Coordinator of Transportation.	PAB—Petroleum Administration Board.
FDIC—Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.	PIA—Petroleum Industry Administration.
FERA—Federal Emergency Relief Administration.	PSAC—Non-member Preferred Stock Advisory Committee.
FFMC—Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation.	PWA—Public Works Administration.
	SAB—Science Advisory Board.
	SES—Soil Erosion Service.
	TEC—The Executive Council.
	TVA—Tennessee Valley Authority.
	TVAC—Tennessee Valley Associated Cooperatives.
	USES—U.S. Employment Service.

American citizens. His mandate called for a large program of action. Constructive criticism is called for and should not be resented. No one in high position can deny that the present administration has had the support and cooperation of a vast majority of the businessmen of the country. Economy in regular governmental operations, continuation of RFC, support with collateral loans, the AAA with processing rebates, and NIRA programs, rationally and practically administered, have been followed with approval and hoped for success.

These do not require those tremendous new bond issues and rapidly mounting public debt burden involved in the hastily improvised gigantic spending for public works, and other devices of the boot-strap variety.

Spreading money around with a scoop shovel soon empties the bin, and our concern is that too large a part of our present

and future labors will be required to replenish the store. Easy money at unnecessary wage rates, jobs handed out to thousands not eligible for relief lists, or controlled by labor racketeers, are abuses of public confidence and credit which do not conform to national morale or good business judgment.

Are we not justified in our concern that as we start on our gradual upward climb to normal economic welfare that we will not have to struggle under burdens imposed by years behind us which will retard by their excessive weight the very progress we seek?

Today and tomorrow, this year and next, this generation and the next are tied together when bound by heavy strands of debt.

The New Deal program is on its way. In our journey we must pay the costs of transportation, but may we maintain a proper sense of proportion.

## In, Out, and In Again

[Continued from page 20]

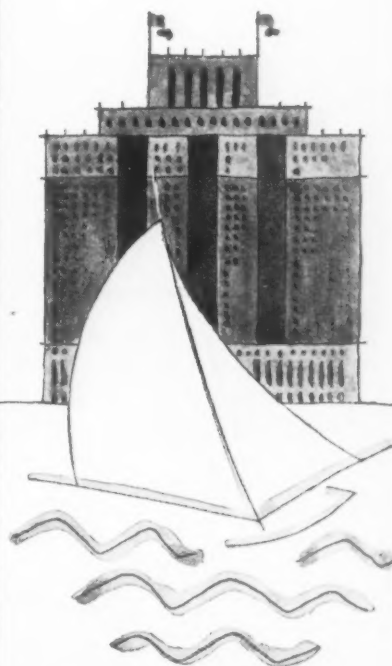
But I resigned my Rotary membership all the same.

First, Rotary seemed to belong to the booster period of our evolving civilization. It was the voice of the average man in the days of his prosperity, the more or less public verification of his belief that he had arrived. It was the assertion of the happiness which he had attained as well as the well-fed spirit of contentment which came with his success. It was a veritable witness to the capacity of human beings for high pressure and often fantastic organization in times of plenty. It

was a form of ballyhoo admirably suited to times of inflation, but woefully ill at ease in times of depression. It appeared to be failing miserably in adjusting its message to the changed psychology of its members.

Secondly, my fellow members in Rotary were all wrestling with strange problems in their own businesses. Confidence had been shattered. Volume was decreasing on an astounding scale. Profits were negligible, if there were any at all. No one could foresee the end. Surpluses built up in good times were being depleted.

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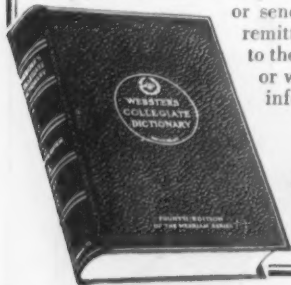
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Where no surplus existed, losses stood out boldly in the red. Business and business men alike seemed to be travelling an uncharted sea. We were all swimming against an inexorable tide whose force we could feel but whose origins we could not understand. Shackled by these new circumstances, groping in the dark for succor, Rotary seemed a bit superficial, willing to prophesy but with the voice of prophecy dead in its throat.

Thirdly, the meetings of Rotary clubs grew uninteresting. Officers and program committees reflected the spirit of the world debacle. Members appeared with lines of care written on their faces. The old type of club program, often hastily thrown together, just simply did not inspire. Often it struck such an untimely note that it appeared ridiculous rather than helpful. Once we came to the club meetings to laugh together; now we came to pity each other and, unfortunately, sometimes to pity ourselves.

Fourthly, membership in Rotary took on the appearance of a luxury. It cost money. Many of us were having a hard time paying our bills and keeping our credit good. Here seemed one point where economy might begin. Accounts payable for family maintenance must have priority over organization dues. One might be a better Rotarian by getting out than by staying in. Certainly living beyond one's means and multiplying creditors is not in keeping with the Rotary code.

Lastly, realism had overtaken idealism. Everyone was bent on his own preservation. Each had his hands and mind full as he struggled on. Smiles were at a premium and had given way to the glassy stare even among friends. Folks who had really been living lives devoted to service above self were little able to help others; they were engrossed in the major task of holding their own interests together. Pollyanna was dead and in her stead a realistic spirit of self-interest ruled over the spirits of men. Unless Rotary could readjust itself to this situation the whole Rotary movement seemed futile.

And so, feeling as I did, I resigned from Rotary. At first there was a sense of satisfaction and comfortableness about it. No more meetings to attend with their recurring regularity and their sometimes thin programs. It took courage to leave the associations which had been built up in the more than a decade of my Rotary membership. I did not wish to seem ungrateful for what Rotary had done for me, for it had done much. But I was out of tune and, therefore, in this state of mind, felt that I could no longer carry

on with those enthusiastic loyalties which I always try to give to those organizations which claim me.

The foregoing analysis of the mental processes of one Rotarian may doubtless find their counterpart in the experiences of many others during these past unusual years. Therefore they have been set down in rather full detail. But the rest of the story may be told in briefer space. I stayed out of Rotary exactly nine months during which period of gestation a Rotarian was reborn. I had hoped to be able to hold out a year, but I missed Rotary too much.

**SEEING** the struggle through which I was passing, the officers of my club treated me wisely and generously. At the end of each three months they invited the prodigal to return. These cordial invitations had to be declined until I had completed the job of knocking down the straw men which the depression had set up before me. This task finished I came back gladly and I hope to live happily in Rotary ever afterward.

The experience which I have recounted has been good for me. I would not have missed it for the world. At the same time I do not suggest it for those of my readers who can avoid it. There is too much travail of spirit about it to make it pleasant. It is a confession of weakness that one must get out of Rotary in order to evaluate it appropriately. Better make the discovery on the inside, if you can.

At any rate, I have learned to be a better and more discriminating Rotarian. The mechanics of the thing no longer worry me. An organization which girdles the globe and numbers over a hundred thousand men could not unify itself unless it had a program and carefully chosen leadership. That program is sufficiently varied and so constantly changing that I can always find enough congenial motivations to engage all the thought and energy that I can spare. What matter if I can not always follow the minds of some Rotary leaders!

The international organization is not static but growing. There is still work for Rotary to do and I am in again to help as I can. Each year its leadership changes, all the way down from international president to the home club personnel. If I do not like it today, I may like it better tomorrow. It is this kaleidoscopic change that makes it always interesting and always potent.

I am, in short, back because I have discovered that Rotary can get along much better without me than I can ever hope to get along without Rotary.

## From Golf to Garden

[Continued from page 18]

Nor is it only a new inhabitant of the garden that gives you a surprise. Old timers are capable of doing the same. Petunias have been in gardens for time out of mind; yet last season one bloomed for us which was the first thing we showed friendly visitors as being our prize production of the season. It was a trumpet-shaped bell, deep-thwarted, and heavily ruffled, about six inches from rim to rim; richly veined in purple and white; a thing worthy of any flower-grower's pride. There is no monotony in the garden to make one lose interest in his hobby.

I think, however, that the fundamental satisfaction of a gardener is in doing something creative. The rewards of a game like golf are largely self-centered. One cannot point to anything that stands apart from himself as an achievement. Whereas, one who makes a garden has made something that stands outside himself, the product of his brain and brawn, and realizes that he has worked in fel-

lowship with the Creator of all good things.

I well remember the moment when this truth came to me. Ours is a modest garden. Its beauty is in its flowers, not in any general pattern. Its arrangement is rather haphazard. So we can make no great boast of landscape artistry. But one evening when the sun was laying long shadows across the paths and beds, I leaned on my hoe for a moment's respite.

As my eye ranged over the riot of color about me, I recalled what we had seen when first we looked on the same place a year or two before. Then it flashed upon my mind that we who had worked here were truly creators. We had brought order out of confusion, beauty in place of ugliness. Yet, no—we had not done it by ourselves. The planning and the planting, the cultivating and the protecting were ours, but from a Higher Power had come soil and seed, sunshine and rain. It had been a partnership in creatorship, human, and divine.

## For Further Readings

**BIRTH CONTROL FOR NEW IDEAS?—A DEBATE** (*Vocational and International Service*), by Sir Josiah Stamp and Charles F. Kettering, page 6.  
**Men and Machines—Does Science Take Jobs or Make Them?** *Literary Digest*, Mar. 10, 1934.  
**Boss Kettering**, by Paul de Kruif, issues of the *Saturday Evening Post* from July 13 to Sept. 23, 1933.  
**Effect of Machine Age on Labor**, *Science Monthly*, Sept., 1933.  
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**Money or Machines?** Q. Howe, *Living Age*, Sept., 1933.  
**Social Revolution: Possible Changes within the Next Twenty Years**, E. C. Aswell, *Forum Magazine*, July, 1933.  
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**Shorter Hours—Bigger Output**, *New Republic*, Feb. 7, 1934.  
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**Shorter Hours, Bigger Output**, Donald A. Laird, *New Republic*, Feb. 7, 1934.  
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**Can Business Build a Great Age?** William Kixmiller, Macmillan, \$2.50.  
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**The First Year**, Ernest K. Lindley, *Today*, Mar. 3, 1934.  
**How We Divided \$3,300,000,000 of Recovery Funds**, *Nation's Business*, Feb., 1934.  
**Recovery Through Taxation**, Harold M. Groves, *Current History*, Mar., 1934.

**NRA Ideals: A Reply to Critics**, Donald Richberg, *New York Times Magazine*, Feb. 25, 1934.  
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**Taxation and Social Control**, Harold M. Groves, *New Republic*, Feb. 14, 1934.  
**They Spend and We Pay**, E. Lefebvre, *Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 25, 1933.  
**Business Looks at the NRA**, R. E. Flanders, *The Atlantic*, Nov., 1933.  
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**The Future Comes: A Study of the New Deal**, Charles A. Beard, Macmillan, \$1.75.  
**Our Economic Society**, R. G. Tugwell and H. C. Hill, Harcourt Brace and Co., N. Y., \$2.50.

**DETROIT, THE CITY DYNAMIC** (*Convention*, 1934), by A. Detroit Rotarian, page 10.  
**The Detroit Tradition**, Malcolm Bingay, *Current History*, Oct., 1933.  
**These articles from THE ROTARIAN: Gasoline-Buggy Beginnings**, E. A. Batchelor, Mar., 1934; **Michigan's First Schoolmaster**, Douglas C. McMurtrie, Dec., 1930.

**TIGHTENING THE WHEAT BELT** (*Vocational and International Service*), by Frederick E. Murphy, page 21.  
**Agreement for World Wide Control**, *New Republic*, Sept. 6, 1933.  
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**Wheat Conference**, *Current History*, Oct., 1933.  
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**London Wheat Agreement**, *The Nation*, Sept. 13, 1933.  
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**This debate from THE ROTARIAN: Will Farm Allotment Help?** March, 1933.

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## Chats on Contributors

**T**HIS month's exchange of opinion on the curtailment of inventions brings to readers of THE ROTARIAN two of the keenest minds in modern industry—Sir Josiah Stamp and Charles F. Kettering.

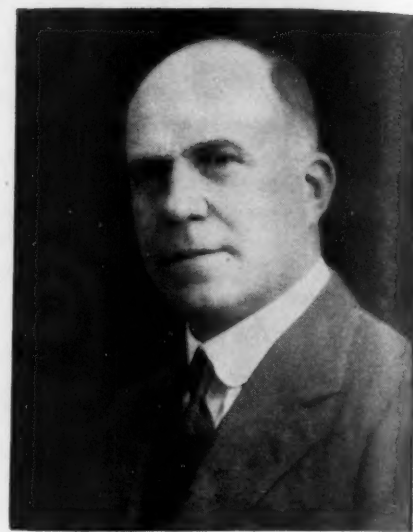
Sir Josiah is known throughout the world as student and educator, economist and industrialist, financier and statistician, public servant and statesman. He started to earn his living at 16 when, nearly 40 years ago, he entered an uninspiring position in the Civil Service. At the age of 31 he obtained his B.Sc. at London University with first class honors. Five years later, in 1916, he won his D.Sc. and became Hutchinson Research Medallist. Later, honorary doctorates have been showered upon him by many leading universities, including Cambridge, Oxford, Harvard, Columbia, Dublin, and Northwestern. He is now chairman of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway and president of the Executive; director of the Bank of England, and member of the Economic Advisory Council.

Charles F. Kettering got his start in life as an Ohio farm boy, and at an early age began his enviable scientific career as an employee of the Star Telephone Company, of Ashland, Ohio. It is to Mr. Kettering that car owners owe thanks for the invention of the starting, lighting, and ignition devices for automobiles. Farmers may be grateful to him for inventing and perfecting, and putting on the market, a successful electrical lighting unit for rural homes. More recent inventions, with which he has been identified, are Duco enamel and Ethyl gasoline. Mr. Kettering is vice-president in charge of research of the General Motors Corporation at Detroit, Rotary's 1934 convention city. He was educated at Ohio State University, is now trustee of Antioch College, and a founder of Moraine Park School in Dayton, Ohio, where he is an honorary Rotarian.

Malcolm W. Bingay (Mr. Kettering's collaborator), editorial director of the *Detroit Free Press*, began his career in the Fourth Estate when a lad of 17, as a reporter for the *Detroit News*, later serving successively as sporting editor, city editor, and managing editor. He is a member of the Detroit Rotary Club.

Walter D. Head, *Men, Machines, Progress*, has served Rotary International as governor of the Thirty-Sixth District, as a member of the Resolutions Committee and chairman of the North American Economic Advisory Committee, and is now chairman of the International Service Committee and member of the Aims and Objects Committee. He has been president of two Rotary clubs—Buffalo, N. Y., and Montclair, N. J. He is headmaster of the Montclair Academy.

Frederick E. Murphy, *Tightening the Wheat Belt*, publisher of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, is also president of several industrial, utility, and real estate enterprises; owner and operator of Femco Farms (6,000 acres) at Breckenridge, Minn., and a breeder of pure-blooded Holsteins and Percherons. Back of Mr. Murphy's appointment as a delegate to the London Wheat Conference last June, was the fact that in 1921 he proposed a "ten-year plan" to the farmers of the American Northwest, for diversification of crops and raising poultry and dairy cattle. It has been claimed that Publisher Murphy's program is largely responsible for the fact that in 1931 when the farm income of the United States was



Rotarian Fred H. Clausen

1.03 per cent under the 1911 level, farm income of Minnesota was 61 per cent above that level.

Fred H. Clausen, *Paying for the New Deal*, keeps closely in touch with budgetary matters as chairman of the United States Chamber of Commerce Committee on Taxation. He also heads the code for the farm implement industry, and is a member of the Rotary club in Horicon, Wisconsin, where he directs the Van Brunt Manufacturing Company, makers of grain drills and field cultivators. . . . William Henry Spence, *From Golf to Garden*, since his graduation from Oberlin college, has held pastorates in Michigan, Vermont, and Ohio, and since 1927 has been pastor of the Church of Christ at Dartmouth college. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Hanover, N. H. . . . R. W. Morris, *Tomorrow's Criminals*, is chief of police at Geneva, New York, where he is also an active member of the Rotary club.

Harold Titus, *This Fishin' Business*, chose journalism for a career and became a reporter for the *Detroit News*, but since 1911 has combined writing with fruit growing at his birthplace, Traverse City, Mich. Always a keen student of nature, he was in 1927 appointed commissioner of conservation for the state of Michigan. Most recent of his several books is *The Man From Yonder*, just published. . . . Owen D. Rutter, *My Daughter and I*, English author, journalist, lecturer, and traveller, was formerly editor of *The Writer*, and is the author of numerous books; one of his most recent: *White Rajah*.

Russell F. Greiner, *Confessions of a Rotary Politician*, is president of the Greiner-Fifield Lithographing Company at Kansas City, Mo., where he has been a Rotarian since the organization of the club there in 1910. To most of the Rotary world he is known as a past president of Rotary International (1913-14) and as an off-time member of Rotary International committees. . . . Samuel B. Pettengill, *The Dome of the Capitol* (poem), member of the United States Congress and honorary Rotarian, for more than thirty years has practiced law in South Bend. . . . Percy B. Prior, *Radio Around the World*, of Swavesey, England, is a frequent contributor to magazines.



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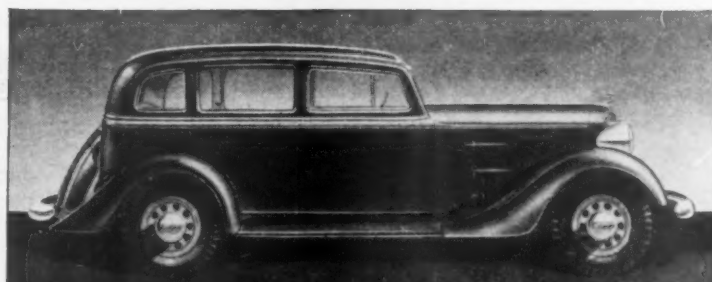
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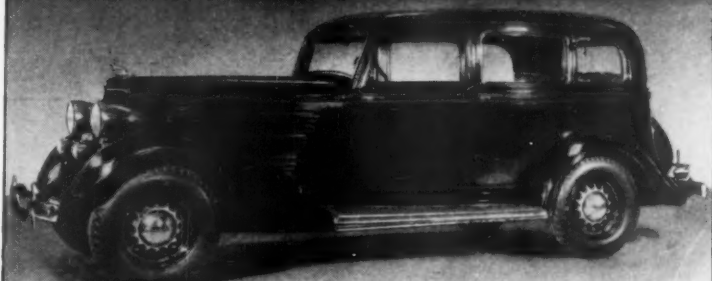
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## Our Readers' Open Forum

### "Shady Jokes"

To the Editors:

I was glad indeed to see the letter in "Readers' Open Forum" published in February issue, on Paul W. Chapman's attendance as he is entitled to the "attendance bug." About the time this letter was published the same Paul W. Chapman was named dean of the State College of Agriculture, University of Georgia. I also liked your editorial pertaining to bulletins bearing shady jokes. When I see such jokes, and I do read a good many, I feel that this Rotary editor is really not a Rotarian.

Athens, Ga. SAM WOODS,  
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### From a Hole-in-One

To the Editors:

It was a great pleasure for me to receive the certificate of my membership of the Rotary Hole-in-One Club, and I must honestly confess that, of all the distinctions, this is the one I like best.

Buenos Aires, Argentine. ERICH WERTH,  
Furniture.

*Note: Rotarian Werth is one of 405 members of THE ROTARIAN'S Hole-in-One Club. His letter is typical of many from his fortune-favored colleagues.*

### Fellowship by Groups

To the Editors:

I was much interested in an editorial in your March issue headed "Progressive Fellowship," wherein you imply that the present depression has originated "progressive fellowship meetings," the plan of which is that one Rotarian invites four or more to his home for a fellowship meeting, each of whom invites four others to a subsequent meeting.

Perhaps it would be interesting to you, as well as to reader members, to know that this fellowship meeting idea has been, and is yet, the basis of the success of the St. John's Rotary Club. It must now be seven or eight years since we adopted what is known as the "Group" system in this club, the result of which is that the very finest values of Rotary are exemplified in the Groups rather than in the club as a whole. Our membership of seventy is comprised of five Groups, each of which has a captain. These Groups have significant names, and their respective activities are conducted in such a manner as to promote very friendly rivalries.

We meet twice every month at the home of one member of the Group. The meetings rotate until every member of each Group has had all the said Group members as his guests. Very frequently members of other Groups are invited.

In this way there are meetings every month at the homes of ten different Rotarians, where the various Group activities are discussed and interjected into what is a magnificent exposition of fellowship such as is not excelled by any club in Rotary International.

As I belong to one of these Groups (which means more to me than any other organization in this city) I thought I would pass this item along for the information of fellow Rotarians.

St. John's, Newfoundland. J. J. LACEY,  
Casualty Insurance.

(Continued on page 39)

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